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*The "...comfort  
of being together in  
Pease & Plenty..."*

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—Annie Schmid Kunz, Oct 11, 1925

THE WILLIAM J. & ANNIE SCHMID KUNZ  
FAMILY STORY.





*The "...comfort  
of being together in  
Pease & Plenty..."*

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FAMILY STORY

Appreciation to these sources:

- Family history records gathered and compiled by Oliver Kunz, Ezra Kunz, Maxine Kunz Blazer, and Thekla Kunz, with a few changes by Paul A. Nielson.
- Family history records, journal entries and notes of Myrtle Kunz Steckler, letters, scraps of paper and anything else we could find!
- *Highlights from Histories of Kunz and Schmid Ancestors*, written & compiled by Foster M. Kunz
- "Life Sketch of Anna Landert Schmid," by Verona Schmid Hayes
- "Life Sketch of Karl August Schmid" by Verona Schmid Hayes
- *Missionary Journals of John Kunz III*
- Original accounts and memories written by Ivy Kunz Jensen, Willard R. Kunz, nieces, nephews and grandchildren of William J. and Annie S. Kunz
- Other published sources as noted
- *The Kunz Family: Johannes Kunz and Rosina Katharina Klossner Kunz, Their Ancestors and Descendants*, by Phillip R. Kunz
- *The LDS Family and Individual Record of John Kunz III*; "Journal of My Mission," John Kunz III
- "The Swiss Background of the Family of John Kunz I and Rosina Katharina Klossner Kunz," by Paul Anthon Nielson, as found in *The Kunz Family: Johannes Kunz and Rosina Katharina Klossner Kunz, Their Ancestors and Descendants*, by Phillip R. Kunz

*"What we do for ours while we have them will be precisely what will render their memory sweet to the heart when we no longer have them."*

— J. Godet

*"Though we may not be appointed Church Historians, we are all responsible to be historians in the Church. Each of us is charged with the responsibility of recording our own history and providing a written record that can serve and benefit others who may read therefrom..."*

*"The family books of remembrance in Latter-day Saint homes today should rate in importance second only to the standard works. These family records are supplements to the scriptures, aiding in teaching the gospel of Jesus Christ to the posterity of faithful members of the Church. A knowledge of the written testimonies and spiritual experiences of family members and of the proved genealogies of the fathers serves to bind the hearts of the children to their fathers and helps them to understand the doctrines that pertain to the exaltation of the family."*

*"In it should be found the story of the family, especially the story of its spiritual life, written by inspiration. It should also contain a genealogy of the family so that the children may have an opportunity to acquire knowledge of their fathers. (S.E., April 1966, pp. 294-295)"*

**Corrections.** When you see errors in dates, information, typing errors, etc., please let me know so that appropriate corrections can be made.

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## The William J. & Anna Schmid Kunz Family Story

*"The home of William J. and Annie S. Kunz was a haven to the lonely and oppressed; a home where the rich and poor were entertained and welcomed with no distinction to class or rank. Great numbers have crossed their threshold and could testify to the kind and generous and friendly hospitality extended to them.*

*"Through a 'heap of livin'" their home was created, and now lingers in the memories and hearts of each child, grandchild, and great-grandchild who experienced the influence of this atmosphere. Treasured are the traditions, recipes, and cultural influence brought with them from their beloved Switzerland. The depth of their faith and conviction concerning the restored gospel is attested to by the sacrifice and trust in the goodness of the Lord evident in their lives. We their posterity are pleased to honor them."*

Special thanks...

- ♥ To my cousins, who each have a place in my heart...
- ♥ To each one who has written, called or contributed in any way...
- ♥ To Kalevi, who has carried boxes in and out, made trips to the copy shop at odd hours, proof read, listened to bits and pieces when maybe he'd rather be doing something else—and to my children who have been willing to share my time with this project and whose interest has encouraged me...
- ♥ To Phillip R. Kunz, who has been an influence in preserving family records through the years and is a solid resource for Kunz family information. He has been a particular help to me with this project...
- ♥ To dear friends Mark & Mary Linnell (Apple Computer), Gale Stradley of Printing and Cassette Services for service and materials which made this project a possibility, and to Bonnie Holt and Kathy Samsel (proof reading, comments and support)
- ♥ And finally, to Aunt Ivy Jensen, who is herself an inspiration, and whose life, love and support gives inspiration and encouragement...

If interested in further information: some source records are available on computer disks. Macintosh, Microsoft Word 5.1. IBM compatible, Word Perfect 5.xx; or IBM/Macintosh ascii text. Possibly available [future] in the Infobase format, either IBM or Macintosh.)

**Audio tape.** Sources: the 90-minute audio tape includes a phonograph-recorded interview with William J. Kunz. Originally recorded in 1948. Tape transfer 1997. A little "noisy" in sound. About 20 minutes. Also included: about 70 minutes of a 1996 interview with Aunt Ivy Jensen.

**Thank you!** Thanks to you for your interest, support, and spoken or written contributions! This has been a delight!

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*William J. & Anna Schmid Kutz*

*He was the son of  
 Joseph Schmid  
 and Anna Schmid*

This composite picture of the individual pictures taken at about the time they were married is representative of a wedding picture. (Emphasis mark on William's brother, George V. Kutz, a photographer.)

*The Grandchildren and Loved Ones of  
William J. and Annie Schmid Kunz remember...*

*The way we were...*



*Memories of  
William J. & Annie S. Kunz*

## A "Letter" from William & Annie

their "...voice from the dust" to us—still here—still on our "mission"

Alma 37:37 Counsel  
with the Lord in all  
thy doings, and he  
will direct thee for  
good; yea, when  
thou liest down at  
night lie down unto  
the Lord, that he  
may watch over you  
in your sleep; and  
when thou risest in  
the morning let thy  
heart be full of  
thanks unto God;  
and if ye do these  
things, ye shall be  
lifted up  
at the last day.

...if you get the Blues read Alma 26  
Chapter. Practis what you find in Alma  
37:35-7 B o M. ...

...Now Dear[s] thanks for the ... Lovely  
Tribute given me it is more than I Deserve  
& I have done no more than A Christian  
Aught to doo. Only Sorrie for the mistakes  
I have made in Life & did not give more  
attention to the Other & Older Children, but  
if I can have the Chance in the future to  
Show my Repenance I will asure you I will  
do more for the hapiness of the family...

...we received the good  
news that you got an  
honerable relees from your  
Missionary Labors.... We are  
all jubelent over your home coming...

...it looks like this life is made up of  
partings ups & downs & dissapoinments  
of all kinds & I believe each one thinks his  
or her burden is the heaviest one, but I do  
hope & pray that we may always be able  
to aknoledg the hand of the Lord in all  
things & that each & every one may be  
found worthie at the end of our journey.

May God blesse you my dear[s] & help  
you do whats right & may he also helpe us  
so we may stand true & faithful at all  
times.

Lovingly your mother father

... may God ever watch  
over you my dear[s]...good  
by lovingly Mother.

I have done no more than  
I ought to do. I am sorry for the mistakes  
I have made in life & did not  
give the children the attention  
they deserved. I am sure  
if I have the chance in the  
future to show my Repenance  
I will do more for the hapiness  
of the family.

With the Blessings of Love  
Father

Your Mother  
P. & M.



## *Patriarchal Blessings of our Grandparents*

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### **William J. Kunz—2 blessings**

**No 206 Bern Bear Lake County Idaho  
Aug 26th 1885**

*A blessing given by John Smith  
Patriarch upon the head of William  
Kunz Son of John and Magdalena Kunz  
born Niederstoken [sic] Canton  
Switzerland March 14th 1865.*

Brother William in the name of Jesus Christ I place my hands upon thy head and seal the blessing of Abraham Isaac and Jacob upon thee for they are thine through of lineage and I say unto thee be firm in thy mind and steadfast as the rock of ages in every good word and work for the Eye of the Lord is on thee and it is His will that you become a mighty man in Israel and assist in gathering scattered Israel and the honest in heart out from Babylon and I say unto thee Honor thy Parents and seek inform thy mind and prepare thy self to labor in the ministry and thou shall have great faith in the ordinances of God's house. Thou shalt be mighty in healing the sick by the laying on of hands for this shall be thy Gifts through prayer and faith. Therefore it behooves thee to be upon thy guard for the adversary has great power in the Earth and will lead Estray if possible the very elect. Thou art of Ephraim and entitled to the blessings of the new and everlasting covenants with all the gifts and privileges promised unto the Fathers in Israel and if thou will study the law of nature thy days and years shall be many and thine intellect shall be bright thy memory strong and wisdom shall be given thee above many of thy brethren and thou shalt preside among them and in due time thou shalt have a companion to suit thy condition.

Thy Posterity shall grow up around thee and have thy name in Honorable remembrance and if thou will seek in humility before the Lord to know thy duty and his will thou shalt be prospered in thy labors. This blessing I seal upon thee in the name of Jesus Christ I seal thee up to eternal life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection. Even so, Amen.

**Williamsburg Idaho  
23 June 1917**

*A blessing given by Samuel Kunz Patriarch  
upon the head of William John Kunz Son of  
John Kunz and Magdalena Straubhaar born  
March 14 1865 at Niederstocken Bern  
Switzerland.*

Brother William in the name of Jesus Christ I lay my hands upon thee and give thee a Patriarchal Blessing. The Lord is pleased with thee for He has seen thine effort to overcome temptations and if thou wilt be obedient to the Priesthood of the Son of God, thou shalt be able to overcome all things. For thou shalt grow in faith, thou shalt be filled with knowledge and wisdom from on High and the Spirit of the Lord shall be with thee. For thy sins are forgiven thee. Thou shalt have the power to heal the sick. For thy testimony of the Gospel shall become a positive knowledge within thee. Thou shalt yet hold responsible positions in the ministry. Thy tongue shall be loosened and thou shalt have the power to expound the principles of life and salvation.

I seal the blessings of health and strength upon thee. Wisdom and knowledge shall grow within thee, that thou shalt marvel over the things that thou art able to accomplish.

Thou shalt be blessed in thine children and comforted in their well being. They shall grow up to maturity and give thee satisfaction and they shall bless thee for thy worth and goodness to them. Thou shalt be blessed in temporal things, that thou shalt have the wherewiths to give to those in need. For thou art of Ephraim and the blessings of Ephraim shall attend thee, eternal life shall be thy portion in our Father's Kingdom.

I seal this blessing upon thee by the authority and power of the Holy Priesthood. Even So, amen.

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## Anna Schmid Kunz—2 blessings

No. 227 Bern Bear Lake County  
August 26th 1885

*A blessing given by John Smith  
Patriarch upon the head of Anna  
Schmid daughter of Carl A. and Anna  
Schmid born in Bern Canton Zurich  
Switzerland May 7th 1867.*

Sister Anna not withstanding thou art in thy youth thou art numbered with the daughters of Zion and the Lord has a work for thee to do if thou art faithful thou shall see his arm made bear in behalf of his people and know of a surety that he knoweth the secrets of thy heart and will reward all according to merit. It is thy privilege to live to a good old age to become a mother in Israel whose fame shall be known far and near therefore be prudent, listen to council and be upon thy guard, and run not after the illurements of the world for the adversary will lay snares for thy feet and cause wicked persons to strive to lead thee into by- and forbidden paths. Thy guardian angel will warn thee of danger, give thee council in time of need, and power over evil and unclean spirits, if thou will listen to the whispering of the still small voice of the comforter, and thou shall have joy in thy daily avocation, and thy table shall be spread with the bounties of the earth and no one shall be turned from thy door hungry, and in due time secure unto thyself a companion whom thou shall delight to honor. Thy sons and daughters shall grow up around thee, be a comfort with thee and bear thy name in honorable remembrance. Therefore be upon thy guard for thou art of Ephraim and thy inheritance is among the saints and thy days and years shall be prolonged according to thy faith and the desires of thy heart, and if thou wilt seek to know the will of the Lord concerning thee in humility thou shall have the gift of discernment and evil designing persons shall not deceive thee and thou shalt choose well thy part through the journey of life, and complete thy mission upon the earth. This blessing I seal upon thee in the name of Jesus Christ and I seal thee up to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection.

Even so, Amen

Williamsburg Idaho  
23 June 1917

*A blessing given by Samuel Kunz  
Patriarch upon the head of Anna Kunz  
Daughter of Karl August Schmid and  
Anna Landert born May 7th 1867 at  
Berg Irchel Switzerland.*

Sister Anna in the Name of Jesus Christ, and by the Power and Authority of the Holy Priesthood within me, I give thee a Patriarchal Blessing and I say unto thee dear Sister be comforted for thy sins are forgiven thee. The Lord will be mindful of thee the rest of thy Days. For thy last Days upon Earth shall be thy best Days. Honor and obey the Priesthood of the Son of God, and thou shalt have Joy and satisfaction in seeing all of thy Children grow up to Manhood and Womanhood, and they shall all be within the boundary of the fold. Thou shalt be exceedingly blessed in warding off the Destroyer from them. For the Blessings of the Lord shall be with thee in thine administering unto them.

Thou shalt be a shining light among those of thy sisters. And thou shalt be a help in thy Community in Administering unto the Needy, and those that are in distress Thou shalt be blessed with Temporal things for thine bread Basket shall never be empty. Thou shalt be a wise Counselor to thine Husband and the Spirit of peace shall be with thee.

For thou shalt be called a Peace Maker among His Saints. Thou are of Ephraim. Thou shalt live in mortality until thou art satisfied and if thou wilt keep the laws of health thou shalt not sleep in the dust nor thy body see corruption. Eternal life shall be thy portion in thy Father's Kingdom.

I seal this blessing upon thee in the Name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

*President Karl G. Maeser spoke of the patriarchal blessings as "paragraphs from the book of your possibilities." If we read our patriarchal blessings, we will see what the spirit of prophecy has held up to us as to what each of us can become.<sup>§</sup>*

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<sup>§</sup> Harold B. Lee, Stand Ye In Holy Places, p.117

## *In Loving Memory...*

...of our grandparents, parents, aunts & uncles, and our cousins.

### WILLIAM J. & ANNIE SCHMID KUNZ

Uncle Ben and Aunt Rosanna Kunz  
Gordon Kunz

Aunt Mabel and Uncle Ratio Thomas  
Cecil Thomas, Lynn Thomas,  
Dorothy Mariano

Aunt Sylvia and Uncle Louis Kunz

Aunt Sophie and Uncle Bert Bateman  
Janyce Bateman Fox

Aunt Libby and Uncle Louis Eschler  
Thelma Banks, Betty Westenhaver

Aunt Myrtle Steckler

Uncle Willard Kunz  
Lorena Kunz (infant)

Uncle Alf Jensen  
Alfred Jensen (infant), Don K. Jensen

Uncle Joe and Aunt Ethel Kunz

Uncle Karl August Kunz (infant)

Uncle Les and Aunt Lillian Kunz

### *50th Wedding Anniversary*



*Family Group Photo*

*Montpelier Examiner*  
*Thursday, May 13, 1937*

"BERN—Mr. and Mrs. William J. Kunz, residents of Bern, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary here Wednesday.

More than 100 relatives, including 10 children, 20 grandchildren, and one great-grandchild, gathered at a reception in the family home, followed by a program in the Bern LDS chapel. They were married in the Logan LDS Temple, on May 5th, 1887..."

## Foreword

July 1997

"...ye cannot in your present state understand eternity...but ye can get some likeness of it if ye say that both good and evil, when they are full grown, become retrospective.... all this earthly past will have been Heaven to those who are saved. ...[And] all their life on earth too, will then be seen by the damned to have been Hell. That is what mortals misunderstand. They say of some temporal suffering, "No future bliss can make up for it," not knowing that Heaven, once attained, will work backwards and turn even that agony into a glory. And of some sinful pleasure they say "Let me but have this and I'll take the consequences", little dreaming how damnation will spread back and back into their past and contaminate the pleasure of the sin. Both processes begin even before death. The good man's past begins to change so that his forgiven sins and remembered sorrows take on the quality of Heaven; the bad man's past already conforms to his badness and is filled only with dreariness. And that is why, at the end of all things, when the sun rises here and the twilight turns to blackness down there, the Blessed will say, "We have never lived anywhere except in Heaven," and the Lost, "We were always in Hell." And both will speak truly...."

"Ah, the Saved...What seemed, when they entered it, to be the vale of misery turns out, when they look back to have been a well; and where present experience saw only salt deserts memory truthfully records that the pools were full of water." —C.S. Lewis

At some point in time I became the custodian of 3 "home made" phonograph records which were recorded one afternoon at the home of George Kunz [William J.'s youngest brother] in Bern, Idaho. I don't believe that tape recorders were available at that time (1948), and thus this event came about because Uncle George had recording equipment that would record on blank phonograph disks.

Grandpa William J. and some other family members (Uncle Willard, Aunt Lorena, my mother [Aunt Myrtle], Heber Kunz, George & Edyth, of course, and it seems to me that Aunt Sophie was there too—and maybe others) gathered at George's home for the purpose of recording Grandpa's voice and some of his memories. *I have other tapes*

These records were recorded from the inside (center post) to the outside. Years ago many phonographs would play them OK, but through the years, manual changers were replaced by automatic changers, and the time came when we could not find a phonograph that would play the entire recording without "rejecting" and missing a part of each record.

Those recordings have been on a shelf for quite some time and have been saying to me: "We belong to the posterity of William J. Kunz: do something about it!"



As Aunt Ivy wrote: "Memories are souvenirs that time turns into Treasures"

Many of my best memories include YOU (my cousins and loved ones)! I also have some treasured items, as do you. In my "box of treasures," I have tiny walnut-sized ball of natural-colored yarn with a note, in my mother's handwriting, pinned to it: "This is yarn my mother carded and spun." There is a small chocolate box full of letters the family exchanged while my mother was on her mission in 1925-27. Among them, a little note from a 7 or 8 year old Max, with X's and O's all across the bottom. There is a letter from a youthful Drucilla written from Williamsburg. When I opened that letter, I was amazed to see two little yellow flowers with fine green leaves, pressed between its pages! In those letters there are expressions of love, references to the daily work, and a bit of humor.

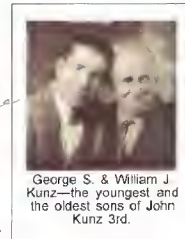
Grandpa writes: "We talk to Libbie & Bens every day as we have the Phone handy over at the Station." Uncle Willard wrote: "I suppose you heard that Less got in a little automobile accident the night of the fourth, with Abel's ford, and smashed it up pretty badly but no one was hurt. It cost the boys each \$7.50 to fix the car up, besides hiring it" You'll read several excerpts from some of these letters —"in their own words." Included also are some newspaper clippings, one of which Grandpa himself clipped and wrote notes on.

You each have your own memories and treasures of times past. I hope these pages about this part of your heritage and the tape recording can be added to your own "box of treasures" you have accumulated to be handed down to your posterity. Thank you so much for your participation, interest and support.

With love,

*Dianne*

Your cousin Dianne  
Dianne Steckler Rasi-Koskinen  
1744 Richard Road  
Sandy UT 84093  
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## The Pasture Lane

Left: a newspaper clipping with Grandpa William J.'s hand written notes; right: a typeset copy for easier reading

*The Pasture Lane* 1941  
of Williamsburg  
Strange to find the pasture lane  
Choked with weeds and uncropped grass  
Only memories remain of Lanes Creek  
Where lowing cattle used to pass  
No hoofprints hieroglyph the lane  
Down which the farm lad drove the herd  
But boyhood memories remain,  
Too poignant for the vocal word  
Strange to come at end of day  
To silence and an empty lane  
And echoes from a world away  
Of cowbells tinkling in the rain.

*The Pasture Lane* 1941  
of Williamsburg  
Strange to find the pasture lane  
Choked with weeds and uncropped grass:  
Only memories remain of Lanes Creek  
Where lowing cattle used to pass.  
No hoofprints hieroglyph the lane  
Down which the farm lad drove the herd  
But boyhood memories remain,  
Too poignant for the vocal word  
Strange to come at end of day  
To silence and an empty lane  
And echoes from a world away  
Of cowbells tinkling in the rain.

## The Stepstone

a poem/song loved by Grandpa and Grandma and by their children

**The Stepstone**  
I stand on the doorstep at eventide now,  
The wind whispers by with a moan.  
The fields will be whit'ning but I will be gone  
To roam o'er the wide world alone.  
I stood on this doorstep when schooltime was o'er,  
And longed for the time to go by,  
And now it has gone and I stand here tonight  
To bid this dear stepstone goodby.

**Chorus.**  
Goodby to this stepstone, goodby to my home,  
God bless those I leave with a sigh:  
I'll cherish dear mem'ries when I am away—  
goodby, dear old stepstone, goodby.

\* \* \*  
It is hard to be parted from those that we love,  
When reverses in fortune have come,  
And the strongest of heartstrings are broken in twain  
By the absence of loved ones at home;  
But I'll bid this poor heart cease repining in vain,  
And hushed be each deep heaving sigh,  
Tho' the pain it will cost me, none ever can know,  
To bid this dear stepstone goodby.

\* \* \*  
There are many temptations with which I may meet,  
And sad mournful scenes ev'ry day,  
And the faces at home, oh, I never shall greet,  
Their forms will be so far away;  
But I'll think to the dear old stone step at the door,  
And oft drop a tear from my eye,  
I will stand in my dream as I stand here tonight  
To bid this dear stepstone goodby.



Grandpa William J. and Grandma Annie on the stepstone of their summer home at the middle dairy, Williamsburg



## *My Stepstone*

by Wayne Steckler ◊ Memorial Day Weekend, May, 1989

Our folks used to talk about the "Stepstone" out at the Dairy. After a few years that was all that was left of the home they knew for so many summers of their lives.



Yesterday I visited a "stepstone" in my life. It sits at the top of a long narrow lane. The warm yellow has faded to a weather worn brown. The windows that watched 3 generations of beloved family arrive and leave now stares vacantly at a weed choked yard lined with broken and rusted farming equipment.

The door to the kitchen is blocked with a tool box from the bed of some pickup truck, but the door to Grandpa's bedroom yielded to a firm shove. Gone was the rope that Grandpa used to help himself out of bed and used by countless grandchildren playing Tarzan despite dire threatenings of loving aunts and uncles who are mostly gone, too. Gone are the homeopathic medicines that could make any hurt go away. Gone too are the "Go to Hells" created by older cousins much to the delight of the little ones. (How tolerant they were of their grand children.) Gone was the Christmas cactus that bloomed so faithfully under Grandma's green thumb.

The door hangs crookedly between bedrooms and kitchen. Gone is the stove that produced countless nourishing meals under the loving hands of one who would never allow a visitor to leave without partaking of a meal, be they stranger or friend, noteworthy dignitary or innocuous neighbor. Gone is the table that groaned under Thanksgiving dinners, resounded to the good natured banter of a lively game of pinochle or solo, that drew loving brothers and sisters to its side for unceasing conversation. Where stories were told, memories were relived, council was given, generously interspersed with expressions of love, encouragement, praise, laughter and even tears.



Gone are most of the physical things we knew. The shingles are gone from the roof that sheltered us. The hearts that gave this place life are stilled. The plaster has fallen showing a skeleton of lathe. But in spite of what my earthy eyes see, my heart and mind see and hear all the life and love this house has witnessed. I have visited my "stepstone" and all these memories come flooding back to me. Though the earthly things may crumble, the heart still beats in the living of my memory. The laughter and love still ring in the ears of my mind. I have visited my stepstone and I am at peace.

## 1986 Schmid Reunion To Annie Schmid Kunz

by Donna Kennett

(to the tune "I Open Wide My Pigeon House & Let My Pigeon's Fly". . .)

1  
When I was a young girl in Switzerland,  
We were happy as could be,  
I worked very hard and thanked the Lord  
For all he had given me.

Our family was  
Lutheran, we  
worshipped  
faithfully  
Until the day we had  
Missionaries,  
And we learned of  
the truth and  
knew it was right  
And were baptized  
accordingly.



2  
Their dream was to  
come to America  
and help build Zion  
strong,  
But, alas, they were poor and had not the  
means  
to make the journey long.

The way was made clear for two young  
girls, dear,  
To leave all they knew and come over  
here,  
Annie, just sixteen, and Mary so small,  
Two brave girls who gave their all.

3  
They worked and they saved for their  
family to come  
And live in this great land,  
Tears of joy and relief when at last they all  
embraced  
In a meeting that was grand.

Annie married Will in the Temple of the  
Lord,  
She knew the truth and lived the word,  
She was loving and kind, a friend to all  
And answered every call.

4  
Ben and Mabel—Sylvey and Sophie,  
Libby and Myrtle were born,  
Then Willard, Ivy, Joe and Les,  
And a Tithing baby boy was given to the  
Lord,

And not to her caress.

Now little Anna Lucy needs a  
"Ma" for a while,  
Annie loved and cared for  
that precious little child,  
Annie's joy was full as  
through her life  
She was loved as "Ma" and  
wife.

5  
Will you look and see some of  
her posterity  
Who honor her this day?  
How can we show our thanks  
to a Grandmother Dear  
Who showed us all the way?

We must follow her example and strive  
each day  
To live and serve in a pleasing way,  
That she will know her sacrifice  
Was a blessing to our lives.

*Words written by Donna  
Eschler Kennett for the Schmid  
Reunion celebrating the 100-year  
anniversary of the arrival of Karl  
and Anna Landert Schmid in  
Idaho. Reunion held in Paris,  
Idaho. Donna wrote these words  
one day on her way into town; as  
they came to her, she would pull  
the car over to the side of the road  
to write them down. She said it  
took her half a day to get to her  
destination! (At least, that's the  
way I remember it.)*

*Well, who are we...*



This is our Grandfather,  
**William J. Kunz.**

He was born in Switzerland where his family joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They emigrated to Zion when he was eight years old. He lived in Ovid, Bern, Williamsburg, and Montpelier, Idaho, from 1873 to 1952.



This is our Grandmother,  
**Annie Schmid Kunz.**

She was also born in Switzerland; she joined the Church there and came to America when she was 16 years old with her 11-year old sister, Mary. She worked and earned money to help bring the rest of her family to Zion.

• *They were parents of 11 children and 33 grandchildren.*



**Benjamin William Kunz**  
Uncle Ben & Aunt Rosanna  
Anona, Gordon, Merna,  
Verlene

**Mabel Maryanne Kunz Thomas**  
Aunt Mabel & Uncle Ratio  
Cecil, Dorothy, Lynn,  
Venita

**Sylvia Magdalena Kunz Kunz**  
Aunt Sylvia & Uncle Louis  
Drucilla, Glen, Deltha,  
Blaine

**Sophie Olive Kunz Bateman**  
Aunt Sophie & Uncle Bert  
June, Ruth, Loa, Duane,  
Dawn, Joyce, Janyce

**Anna Elizabeth Kunz Eschler**  
Aunt Libby & Uncle Louis  
Thelma, Verda, Max,  
Theda, Betty, Donna



**Anna Schmid Vigos**, niece  
of William J. and Annie; lived with "Ma"  
and "Pa" after her mother's death  
(Anna is the daughter of Conra  
Shumway and Robert Schmid)



**Myrtle Kunz Steckler**  
Aunt Myrtle  
Wayne, Dianne

**Willard Robert Kunz**  
Uncle Willard & Aunt Lorena  
Baby Lorena Grace

**Ivy Kunz Jensen**  
Aunt Ivy & Uncle Alf  
Don, Elaine, Baby Alfred

**Joseph John Kunz**  
Uncle Joe & Aunt Ethel  
Larry

**Leslie Amasa Kunz**  
Uncle Leslie & Aunt Lillian  
Sandra

**Karl August Kunz \***  
Child #10: died as an infant

• *We are their children & grandchildren...*

We have written our memories and compiled a short history in honor of these grandparents. By so doing we remember them lovingly and strengthen the bonds of love with each other.

To those who follow us, we invite: Read our stories and the history of our family. Feel the love, loyalty, and great faith that is your heritage.

**"Train up a child in the way he should go—and away he goes!"**

*Attributed to her mother by \*Vida Fox Clawson, a grand daughter of Brigham Young.*



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*Time Line / Birthdates of Children & Grandchildren of William J. & Annie S.*

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1888	11 May	Benjamin William Kunz
1890	23 Jan	Mabel Mary Ann Kunz Thomas
1892	16 Feb	Sylvia Magdalena Kunz Kunz
1894	7 Aug	Sophie Olive Kunz Bateman
1896	25 Jul	Anna Elizabeth Kunz Eschler
1899	15 May	Myrtle Kunz Steckler
1901	7 Aug	Willard Robert Kunz
1904	23 Dec	Ivy Kunz Jensen
1906	6 Dec	Joseph John Kunz
1909	7 Jul	Carl August Kunz ‡
1910	25 Jun	Leslie Amasa Kunz
1913	16 Jun	Drucilla Kunz Savage.
1913	4 Sep	Cecil Thomas*
1913	8 Dec	Anona Kunz Clawson
1914	7 Aug	Thelma Eschler Banks
1915	24 Dec	Verda Eshcler
1916	2 Jun	June Bateman Black
1918	1 Jan	Gordon Kunz*
1918	26 Apr	Ruth Bateman Beck
1918	2 May	Lynn Thomas*
1918	27 Aug	Max J. Eschler
1918	21 Sep	Glenn W. Kunz
1919	18 Aug	Merna Kunz Glade
1920	31 Aug	Dorothy Thomas Mariano*
1920	12 Dec	Loa Bateman Uremovich
1921	24 Mar	Deltha Kunz Dunker
1922	21 Mar	Theda Eschler Leak
1923	25 Aug	Duane Bateman
1925	3 Jul	Verlene Kunz Baker
1926	28 Jun	Betty Eschler Westenhaver*
1926	5 Oct	Blaine Kunz
1928	18 Apr	Donna Eschler Kennett
1928	13 Jun	Venita Thomas Paget
1928	7 Sep	Don K. Jensen*
1930	25 Jun	Dawn Bateman Brown
1930	8 Jul	Elaine Jensen Bolton
1931	27 Jan	Wayne Steckler
1932	29 Jul	Joyce Bateman Burkinshaw
1932	29 Jul	Janyce Bateman Fox*
1934	3 Oct	Larry P. Kunz
1935	30 Nov	Dianne Steckler Rasi-Koskinen
1937	11 Feb	Lorena Kunz‡
1937	20 Sep	Sandra Kunz Martin
1939	13 Jan	Ronald Ashley
1941	4 May	Alfred Jensen‡

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‡ Died as infant

## We Remember...

by the children and grandchildren of William J. and Annie S. Kunz



Ivy K. Jensen  
1082 Hwy. 36  
Ovid ID 83260  
208-847-1132  
b 23 Dec 1904

### Ivy Kunz-Jensen

May 11, 1997

Like Nephi of Old, I might say 'Having been born of goodly Parents,' I was doubly blessed and privileged to be reared and raised in a wonderful home, not filled with fancy furniture, or worldly comforts, but filled with

Love, respect, faith, High Ideals and honesty—and some work.

These were not taught by big long lectures, but by every day examples of living, by wonderful, humble parents.

We as children tried to pattern our homes after what we had loved and enjoyed in their home.

Today being May 5, 1997 holds very special memories for me. On this date 110 years ago, my Father and Mother were married and sealed in the Logan LDS Temple.

Both of our children chose that date for their marriages. Don, 1947, Elaine 1949.

*"Memories are souvenirs  
that time turns into Treasures"*

Mine is a treasure chest filled to capacity.

Being the last of eleven children living, I must share of my memories along with all of yours. Being number 8, I had older and younger family members to love and teach me and help me.

One of my choice memories is of all the family gathered around the old pump organ in the evening—one of the older sisters playing the organ and all of us singing, mostly church hymns and some old time ones, too.

Father used to play the accordion and he would sing some dear old Swiss songs that were so dear to him and

he would teach us the Swiss words also. He loved music.

I remember the old phonograph with the huge horn and the cylinder records. It was beautiful, I recall "I'll take you Home again, Kathleen" and "Old Folks at Home."

My mother had a sweet, gentle voice. She loved the church songs. Her favorite was

*After Grandma's sister, Mary, died in 1920 during a flu epidemic, Grandma didn't sing for a long time. Some time passed and then one day Aunt Ivy heard her humming once again....*

"Oh Ye Mountains High," which ends:

*"Now my own mountain home, unto thee I have come, all my fond hopes are centered in thee."*

She was so grateful. I fancy I can still hear her humming a tune as she went about her daily duties.

Another memory is of their unwavering faith in the power of the priesthood. As a rowdy little 5 year old, I went dashing through the house and stumbled as I neared the organ, where there was a very sharp point protruding. It hit me on the left temple side of my head and I went down and was totally paralyzed. They didn't call a Doctor or rush to a hospital. My Father and Uncle Johnny Kunz administered to me and my Dear Mom was my nurse. After three days I was able to sit up and walk again. An example of their unwavering faith.

One Mother's Day, Willard came with a beautiful set of red glass dishes for Mother. She was so surprised and shocked and happy and of course said, "why did you do this?" He said, "Well, I didn't get to your Wedding Shower, so now this is your gift." He was so thoughtful to all of us, but especially our parents.

Volumes could be written of these special memories and tid-bits. My special hope and prayer is that I absorbed a few of these blessed traits, and with the aid of my Wonderful Companion, Alf, could pass them on to our children and grandchildren and posterity, and all who enter our home.



Uncle Alf and Aunt Ivy Jensen



Donna Kennett  
852 W. Baseline Rd.  
Paul, ID 83347-8784  
b 18 Apr 1928

## Donna Beth Eschler Kennett

6 April 1997

Some of my fondest memories of the Dairies are of G-ma out feeding the chickens and having us gather chips for the fire. I remember G-pa in the drying room turning the cheeses and letting us think we were helping.

On Sundays at the Dairies Uncle Willard would come out in his car and bring a Denver Post (I think) and a large bag of all-day-suckers, and in the Fall of the year he would treat us to watermelon. Nothing could have been better, than eating watermelon under the bowery. How blessed we were. G-ma always had a garden and she put out sumptuous meals, never a shortage of food. She used to make a dish of ground spinach flavored with garlic and as a child I hated it but now my mouth waters to think of it and what a treat it would be now.

G-ma always wore near ankle length dresses and slips and on her slip or petticoat she always had safety pins for whomever needed one. I don't ever remember G-ma being cross. The only time G-pa was cross with us was when we would jump from the hayloft onto his new hay and knock off all the leaves. What rotten kids we were.

On Thanksgiving once at Bern we were all in on stealing a pie from the pantry and as I remember, Wayne took all the blame for it. Sorry Wayne!!!

G-pa dearly loved to fish, play SOLO and say, "pooh, I pass." He studied Homeopathic and many people from each area who were ailing came to him for advice and medicine. G-ma had a long haired cat

whose name was "Mitty," and this has carried on through all of my family—each of my 5 children and I have a cat, mine is even long haired. Kristen's is named "Mitty."

Some of the Swiss traditions of the grandparents are practiced in my home and most of our children's homes, i.e.: Easter eggs colored with onion peelings and coffee grounds, Wecca, Bratzeli's, and the old favorite and stand-by—Rushty. (I'm sure none of these words are spelled correctly. Ha!)

I could tell they were devoted to each other because of their large and loving family and for being together over fifty years. Their lives weren't easy, they were always working but never complaining. There was a warm and loving atmosphere in their home and in the homes of each of their children that I have tried to duplicate. I am thankful to them for recognizing the truth of the gospel and for their sacrifices in leaving Switzerland and coming to America, for their fine example of family life, loving and caring for others and in general, for the fine people they were.



eating watermelon in the bowery



Blaine Louis Kunz  
497 Adams Street  
Montpelier ID 83254  
b 5 Oct 1926

## Blaine Kunz

8 April 1997

An early memory of Grandpa at the Dairies. I had helped myself to tools in his workshop. He confronted me asking if I knew where his pliers were. Honestly I answered that I knew but said "I won't tell you." You can tell by my answer that I was VERY young age. The next thing I knew we were walking back to the big house and he had his pliers and one other tool. Nothing of a harsh nature took place but there was a very great FIRMNESS in his voice and manner that must have made a GREAT impression on me. For I had hidden them in the willows down by the creek below the saddle house.



Blaine at the Snake River

"We do let time and distance rob us of the closeness we once enjoyed with each other. We have been a VERY CLOSE FAMILY from our earliest years."

I remember getting the milk cows from the pasture and returning them after.

Mealtime memories. Early breakfasts in the big dining hall/kitchen. Grandma at the big stove covered with fry pans, mountains of rushtie.

Family get-togethers. The Sunday times when the Girls helped Grandma with the cooking for all the families that gathered.

Unique personality. Grandpa's "Hey Ho" when something special happened.

Once Grandpa Caught me.... He caught US riding the calves out in the Bern corral. Too close to the watering trough and the new decorations in the corral.

Most memorable thing about Grandpa. The way he listened to the scratchy radio at the dairies to get the news.

Most memorable thing about Grandma. Her pleasant humor and her kindly expression. I can still see her!!!

Grandma wore: Her apron was almost her trade mark.

Grandpa wore: His suspenders are fun to try to copy.

Skills Grandpa had: Cheesemaking was a gourmet art.

Skills Grandma had: Sage hen with Rushtie; trout with Rushtie and Thanksgiving for forty!?!?!?

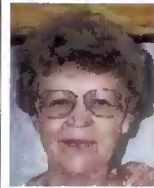
I think Grandpa really loved—to fish. Grandma loved—to have her family with her.

I remember the big leather chair with push button in the arm to recline the back.

Favorite food: Cheese, cream, sage hen, trout, but none of these complete without Rushtie!!!

My special memory of Grandpa: At age 15—with a 15-year-old partner, we were his "Home

Teachers" after Grandma had passed away.



Elaine J. Bolton  
P.O. Box 265  
Paris ID 83261-0265  
b 8 Jul 1930

## Elaine Jensen Bolton

11 April 1997

*We each have ["Grandparent Memories"], but probably don't take the time to reflect on them to the point where we could share them with family members. ...what a wonderful idea to commemorate Grandpa's birthday!*

In our early school years the subject of 'Grandparents' often came up, and it was always with pride that I could share with classmates the fact that I had these kind, loving people who just happened to be my Grandparents. They led such exemplary lives, and we have felt so fortunate that we lived close enough to be able to spend lots of time with them and to experience their great personalities.

While directing my thoughts along the line of 'Grandparent Memories,' these are some of the memories that are special to me:

- The Sunday afternoons and evenings, the Birthdays, the Thanksgivings when all the family gathered at their home in Bern, were some of the most memorable days in my life, where we could play with all the cousins, and enjoy the Grandparents, aunts and uncles. We all remember the wonderful meals—the breakfasts with the 'rushtie,' etc. And because Dianne's Birthday was so close to Thanksgiving, this 'doubled the pleasure.'
- Grandpa's dogs had chased a kitten to the top of a telephone pole, and no effort could bring the cat down over a period of two days. Finally, Grandpa couldn't have the kitten suffer anymore, so he brought out his shotgun and brought it down. There were a number of us little crying children watching that added to Grandpa's stress.
- What fun it was to stay overnight at Grandpa and Grandma's, and to see Grandma put on her freshly ironed apron, and then sit in her rocking chair, brush out our pretty black hair, then braid it, ever so neatly, twist it



We think: Donna, Betty, Grandpa, Blaine, Grandma Venita, Elaine, Don



into a bun on the back of her head, and fasten it with her neat combs.

- Another big attraction at the Grandparents' home were the new litters of animals—baby kittens and puppies. We played with them for hour upon hour, mothering them.
- We considered ourselves lucky when Grandpa harnessed "Peanuts" to the cart and took us with him down to the field to irrigate. He was so patient with us, and probably gave Grandma a little breather, too.
- I still have vivid memories of Grandma and some of her daughters working around the large kitchen table, sometimes making butter and placing it into molds, or making fruitcake for the Christmas season. They loved being together and had such fun whatever they were doing.
- I wonder if all of us experienced the sandwiches Grandma made for us from her yummy bread and butter, so that we could either hike up to the Peak, or down to the Outlet to fish, or wherever. And to come into their warm happy home after sleigh riding or trying our luck on the skis was very welcome.

*"What a great blessing Grandpa and Grandma Kunz were in my life, for the many lessons we learned from them, and for the knowledge that we were loved unconditionally. Each time I make 'Wecan' or Bratsilles," the memories of earlier times tie us even closer to those very special Grandparents."*

—Elaine Bolton



Wayne Steckler  
4185 Ben Armine Cir  
South Jordan UT 84065  
b 27 Jan 1931

## Wayne Steckler

17 April 1997

### I REMEMBER GRANDPA AND GRANDMA

My earliest memories of Grandpa and Grandma were from 1936 to 1940 when we lived in their home. The reason I mention those dates is because I had to calculate them. I don't have the memory of Grandpa who could tell you the date, time of day, and the weather on that day when he recalled a simple thing like the visit of a friend. To this day I marvel how he could pull dates and minute details from his memory with such ease and precision.

My memory of the clothes they wore for the most part is just an impression. I believe grandma wore a long dress that came to her ankles; it may have been black with small flowers. Grandpa wore dark trousers with suspenders and perhaps a flannel or plaid shirt. I definitely remember he wore wool socks that Grandma knit for him and slippers or slip on shoes because of his tender feet.

My early memories of grandma are her quietly going about the house constantly working. Even when she sat down, which wasn't often, she would pick up her knitting or darning. I can remember her sitting in her chair of an evening carding wool into (rolls,) I can't remember what they were called. And then spinning them into yarn and then knitting them into socks for Grandpa. She used to let me card once in a while and never complained about the misshapen, (was it batts they were called?), that I made. She probably had to redo them, but she didn't do it when I was around. One thing I could do was to hold the skein of yarn on my outstretched hands while she wound them into balls.

Grandpa was just as reluctant to scold or criticize. One summer he offered to pay me 25 cents for each post hole I dug to repair the fence on the South Field. I don't believe I made a dollar for my whole summer. All I remember was his disgusted "Eh Hell, Pooh, Pooh."

I did get him angry enough to scold me one time. Grandpa used to let the calf suckle just enough to get the cow to "let down her milk" and to "wet the tits." Well, it was my job to keep the calves headed (herded) away after they had that tantalizing taste of mother's milk, while Grandpa milked the cow. I didn't have that job long. I was trying to keep two calves in the corner of the corral by the chicken coop; when one went right and the other went left. Well, I stood there, stick in hand, and watched that miserable calf run up to the cow's left side and "bump" the cow's udder so hard that it lifted her feet from the ground, causing her to kick and knock Grandpa off his one legged milking stool. Through his pain Grandpa let out the worst oath I ever heard him use. He called me a little "bleep bleep." I believe I tried Grandpa's patience more

than all of his children and maybe even his grandchildren combined.

One of my favorite memories comes from the time when Grandpa got on the phone to several of the uncles and told them that the "possum" were running. They gathered at Grandpa's and with their shotguns went up in Able's field at the bottom of the peak where Grandpa had seen several flocks of sage hens fly in. They nearly filled a wash tub with the "chickens" they shot. They dumped the feathers etc. in the outhouse. They figured if the Game Warden got wind of their possum hunt he would be a little reluctant to gather the evidence. Oh what a meal we had.

We usually ate simple meals, made with what was available. We had breakfasts of boiled eggs and rushty. I had to have my eggs hard boiled until my tastes matured. Now my favorite breakfast is soft boiled eggs and rushty all mussed together like Grandpa did. I still like to make my own sauerkraut and prepare it with the old fashioned wieners (with the tough skins) and milk gravy and boiled potatoes.

To this day I regret that my tastes did not mature in time to eat the "faggots" Grandma made with ground liver and onions wrapped in the "net" from a pork. Another favorite meal I remember was "upfulmous" (apple mess). This was hot applesauce topped with whipped cream and cinnamon, served with boiled potatoes and milk gravy on the same plate, thus the name "upfulmous."

Another thing I remember and miss are the bottled crab apples and the cider Grandma and Grandpa made from the crab apples. When they moved into Montpelier Grandpa sent me down into the cellar to break all the bottles of applejack that had been setting on the shelf for years. You know every year they would make many bottles of cider. They would be placed on the shelf in front of the old and we would drink the cider as fast as we could before it turned hard. Well,

there was always more made than we could drink and some of that cider was many years old. It was no longer applejack, but had become a clear apple brandy.

I did as Grandpa asked, but I secreted a couple of bottles behind the boards along the stairs. For a while I walked from our home in Bern out to Grandpa's to milk the cows. I moved those bottles of "cider" to a badger hole along side the road and would take a nip or two on the way out and a nip or two on the way back. I don't think Mom ever realized that I was not complaining about having to go all the way out to Grandpa's every day to milk the cows or why I was so cheerful when I got back from this onerous task.

I remember Grandpa's dog Bussy, and his team of mares, Polly, a sorrel, and Bess, a black. I will never forget Peanuts. I don't remember what Grandpa called him before Don and Elaine, their cousin, I can't remember her name, but she was Ace Jensen's daughter, and Dianne and I were riding all together and chanting in time to his trot— "Peanuts, popcorn, Cracker Jacks, five cents." The name stuck.

Peanuts was the horse Grandpa used with his "bougally wagon." One time Grandpa and I went out to "Hoopgouble" to get some firewood with Peanuts and the bougally wagon. I don't remember much about getting much wood, but I remember our encounter with the porcupine. Grandpa had his double barreled 4-10 along just in case we saw a "chicken." All we saw was a

porcupine. Because they were blamed for eating the bark and killing pine trees, Grandpa got rid of this nuisance by shooting it at close range. We went on up the canyon, got our little load of dead quakies and on the way back saw that the porky had crawled up the hill for 25 feet and up a quakie 10 or 12 feet before it died. He was used to killing animals when necessary or for food, but it really bothered him to think that the poor animal had suffered so long.

I remember one animal it became necessary for Grandpa to kill.

Grandpa had an old red boar that had gotten so big that he became dangerous. He



Don, Dianne, Elaine, Gail, & Wayne

had tusks I swear were two inches long. Grandpa was not generally afraid of animals, but this boar had him worried. He took a bucket half-full of grain and lured the hog into the barn where he could shoot it with the 25-20. I don't remember what was done with the hog, but I don't think it was usable for food.

In any case, Grandpa didn't waste food. About all that he threw away when he butchered a pig was the squeal. I don't remember them ever cleaning the entrails to make sausage skins, but Mom told me they used to. I do remember the head cheese. I can remember Grandma carefully cleaning and scraping the pig's head including the ears. This was then boiled in a large pot on the stove until the meat literally fell off the bone. This meat including the ears and snout was ground up and pressed into a loaf between a couple of plates with a rock on top. Now I could eat this with relish (or rather with mustard) and enjoy every bite—and I couldn't eat faggots?

I ate limburger cheese with Grandpa and Grandma, but I couldn't eat scrambled eggs and brains. I could eat tripe. In fact I have made pickled tripe many times. I like boiled tongue and boiled heart (which disgusts my family.) I didn't like the dark meat on a chicken or turkey as a child, but now will eat white meat only if there is no dark. Among my favorite parts of a chicken or turkey is the heart, gizzard and like my mother, the neck.

I can remember holding hands in a prayer circle around Grandma's bed when she was near death (from gall stones.) The doctor had told us that her gall bladder was as big as a football. I remember the simple faith that was shown at that time. I don't remember much about her final illness. I think we kids were encourage to take our noise and confusion elsewhere.

I do remember their tolerance with us when we turned their bedroom (in Bern) into "Go-to-Hells" instigated by some of the older cousins, and being repeatedly cautioned against swinging from the rope Grandpa used to help himself out of bed. I remember being called a "havely ghurker?" ("pot-looker") when I kept interfering with the food preparation, carrying a fork in my

hip pocket to steal tastes of the food being prepared for Thanksgiving.



Betty Eschler  
Westenhaver  
b 28 Jun 1926  
d 11 May 1985

## Betty Eschler Westenhaver

unknown date; found in Myrtle's  
personal papers

How I wish at this time  
to have the pen of  
Longfellow or Browning  
in attempting to write a

few lines of my beloved grandparents. There will not be one of us in trying to write that will not say, "It's impossible to put on paper how we feel about them."



Front: Venita,  
Wayne  
Middle: Betty,  
Donna, Blaine,  
Back: Deltha ?,  
Dorothy, Theda

Of Grandma, I would tell of the innumerable times she sat so patiently as we each took our turn in combing and braiding her lovely, long, black hair. It seemed that each Sunday night before we would get into the cars to go "back to town," we must have our own turn at combing her hair. She would flinch now and then, but, when we would all have had our turn, she would stand up and say, "That's all for now." My favorite picture of her is sitting in the "big chair" with her cat, "Mitty," dozing in her lap as she made her knitting needles "click" over the many pairs of mittens and sox she turned out. Now as I raise my family, I long to take them to her knee and hear her exclaim over them as I'm

knee and hear her exclaim over them as I'm sure she would have done. How sorry I am that she died before I was old enough to really appreciate her.

As Grandma was quiet and retiring, Grandpa was of a more spirited nature. His bright blue eyes would fairly shine as he told of some wonderful adventure in his early life. Never enjoying perfect health and many times in poor condition, he would still tend to his chores, cattle, and the tilling of his fields. Grandpa was a most generous man. At the time he won the surrey given away by the "Consolidated Wagon and Machine Co.," he treated the children of Bern to a dance and wooden pails filled with candy. Although he never knew riches, he always provided amply for his family. Each of his children was special to him, and, in turn, each grandchild and great grandchild was always called by name and made to feel as though they were his favorite.

Of all their wonderful traits and habits, there is one thing about them that outshines all others, and that was their never-ending faith and trust in the Lord. To have left their beloved Switzerland is a testimony in itself. They truly loved the Gospel and instilled this same love in the hearts of their children. How they respected the authorities of the Church! Their pictures and sermons could be seen at all times in their home. It was as if they knew each one personally. We can never repay them for so wholeheartedly accepting the Gospel....Yes, Grandma and Grandpa were loved, not only by each one of their descendants but also by whomever their lives touched in any way.

In closing, I would like to add that all four of my grandparents were together on the day they were married in the Logan Temple. In fact, the two couples made the journey from Bern to Logan together. Little did they know how united their families would one day become. How proud I am to state that each of the four left their homes and families in far-off Switzerland to embrace the Gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

—Betty Eschler Westenhaver



Merna Kunz Glade  
2966 East Louise Ave  
Salt Lake City UT  
84109  
b 18 Aug 1919

## Merna Kunz Glade

19 May 1997

I have many fond memories of Grandpa William J., but perhaps the most outstanding occurred in June of 1944.

Melvin and I were to be married on the 15th of June 1944 in the Salt Lake Temple. Grandpa was down visiting at Aunt Sophie's at that time. He desired to come to the Temple to be at our sealing. I am not sure of all that had to be done to make it possible for him to come to the Temple. I do know that Anona's employer, Julian Clawson, called Grandpa's Stake President to make it possible for him to come. Aunt Sophie brought him to the Temple that morning. We asked him to be one of the witnesses, which he graciously accepted.



How I cherish the memory of his presence at that happy time. Besides that, I have his precious signature on my marriage certificate.

—Merna Kunz Glade



## Thelma Eschler Banks

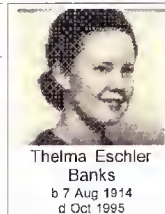
May 1944—read at Grandma Annie's Funeral

### My Grandma

She never spoke an unkind word  
To anyone that I have heard.  
She always had a smile of cheer  
For stranger, friend, or children dear.  
She saw the good in those who failed  
When all of us their shame had hailed.  
She'd listen to our tales of woe,  
And soon they'd melt away like snow.  
She'd always fix an extra plate  
At meal time, if someone was late,  
Find extra quilts to make a bed  
After the evening prayers were said.

She lived an honest noble  
life  
Altho 'twas filled with  
toil and strife.  
She loved us all, and we  
loved her so,  
But now the Lord has called her to go.  
She's happy there with those she knew,  
But I'm sure she misses Grandpa, too.  
Her memory will inspire us,  
to keep that sacred holy trust.  
That we will meet her there some day,  
And for sufficient strength, we pray.

—Thelma Eschler Banks



Thelma Eschler  
Banks  
b 7 Aug 1914  
d Oct 1995



Theda Eschler Leak  
8305 South 2700 West  
Salt Lake City UT 84088  
b 21 Mar 1922

### Theda Eschler Leak

unknown date [used with Theda's permission. She is recovering from a broken shoulder.]

My happiest memories of Grandpa and Grandma Kunz were at the Dairies where we lived right by them and spent a lot of time with

them in their home. I remember Grandpa with his snowy white hair and twinkling blue eyes. Although he had quite poor health when he did feel good he enjoyed being busy and spent a good deal of time outside. When others were busy, Grandpa always lent a hand and would help catch and saddle a horse for us to ride. I remember him most sitting in his wooden arm chair by the window—sometimes dozing in it, but usually listening to the radio or reading his newspaper. He took a very keen interest in world events and spent many hours cutting out interesting items from the paper. Often when he'd find something of interest, he'd read it aloud to those in the room. During World War II he had a world globe that he studied and could point out where the fighting was taking place and where each of his Grandsons were stationed.

I remember how we would all listen to Grandpa relating his experiences in the past. He could remember happenings and dates as if they had happened only a few days before.

I remember Grandma with shining black hair that she kept neatly brushed and braided. She usually wore a nice starched slip apron. She was one of the gentlest natured persons I have ever met. She always had a smile for her children and grandchildren and a kind word. I don't think she was ever idle. She was known by all for her hospitality and was usually busy cooking meals or doing some household chore. When she sat down, her hands were still busy. We loved to watch her card wool, then spin it on her spinning wheel and last, knit it into useful items. It was a wonderful gift to receive a pair of home made mittens from Grandma. We liked very much to help her churn the cream and watch her make the pounds of butter. She'd always give us a cool drink of buttermilk when it was finished. On Christmas she always sent a box to each family with her home made sugar cookies and a loaf of wecca bread. It was a wonderful treat for all.

These are a few of the outstanding things I remember about Grandma and Grandpa Kunz.

—Theda Eschler Leak

Proverbs 31:10-31 Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the LORD, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.



Max John Eschler  
1000 Eclipse Way  
Salt Lake City, UT 84116  
b 27 Aug 1918

## Max John Eschler

21 May 1997

Here are some of my memoirs of Anna Schmid Kunz—an elect lady. She had many great attributes. Some of them are patience, kindness, always a peace maker, and what a hard worker! I never recall seeing my grandmother idle. She was either darning or knitting or spinning or washing wool or carding wool or cooking or baking or sewing or whatever, but she was never idle.

She had great faith in the gospel of Christ. When many of the family would gather at Bern, Idaho, for Saturday or Sunday, Grandma always said to one of us boys, "Now, who will take me to church?" So one of us would throw the leather on a pair of trottin' ponies, and either in a sleigh or wagon—buggy, I mean—no matter if there was mud, snow, or heat, grandma would go to church while she lived in Bern.

To anyone who has never met Grandma Anna Schmid, I would like to refer you to **Proverbs, chapter 31, verses 10 through 31**. This essentially describes Anna Schmid Kunz.

Here's a particular item: when we lived at "The Berg," Grandma would get up about 30 minutes before the crack of dawn while it was still murky—you couldn't see. We could hear her starting her fire in her large big black kitchen range. And after the fire got crackling and she got her "rushty" going—she prepared huge bowls of rushty the night before—then she would come to the bed room door and say, "Now, boys, it's the time of the day to get up."

No one stirred a muscle. No one blinked their eye. They just put their head deeper in the pillow. Grandma would go back and work maybe five, ten more minutes, and come back, and with her voice just a little louder and a little bit more authoritative: "Now boys, get up!" No one hardly stirred again.

Then the third time Grandma would come, and she would make it definitely known that it was time to get up.

Grandma would set her breakfast—put her fire on low, if you can put a wood fire on low, and then she would go to the corral where she would milk her set of cows—10-12 cows. A half an hour before the final milking, she would again tidy herself up, go up to the kitchen, and when everyone else finished milking their cows, she would have a huge great big nice

breakfast—rushty (who could ask for anything better than Grandma's rushty?) with everything else!

One of my particular assignments at The Berg was to get up very early, get a pony out of



The corral at the Middle Dairy

the horse pasture, and then start rounding up the milk cows. We would be milking 110, 125 cows. They could go practically anywhere during the night, which they did! So my job would be to get on that pony and start rounding in the cows. Sometimes I wouldn't get the stragglers in until the milkers were almost through. And then another job I had and some of the other boys had, would be to what we called "take the cows off." The cows and calves were separated and then we would again get on the cow horse and drive the cows maybe half, three-quarters of a mile to the west. The calves would stay up in the meadow and then they would stay that way for the day.

I can still remember coming in, a starved young teen-ager, and smelling that breakfast from over by Myrtle's homestead or on the Muddy. These were

great experiences. The smells and the thoughts never die of Grandma and The Berg.

Grandpa William J. had an injury, a very incapacitating injury when he was a young man. A horse fell with him, drug him, gave him a severe hernia which he never really had repaired any time during his life. And so Grandpa Will J. never entered into any of the heavy work such as logging or the milking or the real heavy work. But Grandpa was a man who was a "fixer" of things. He fixed harness, wagons, buggies. He oversaw the butchering of the pigs and cattle.

He had one thing that I remember especially. When we "went to canyon," we called it, we'd bring out wood to heat the dairy to make the cheese, Grandpa would have us bring some nice straight grained quaking aspens—dry, dead. And then out in the north end of the drying room he had his vice and a razor-sharp drawing knife. And there, hour after hour, he would sit and make shavings so that when the girls built the fire under the vat, under the cheese, it would start easy with those shavings.

Grandpa had one hobby, or one of his labors, was making "spouts." That is, drilling holes through 10 to 12 feet of straight pine, yellow pine. He had a special auger—I never did ask where he got it. It was maybe eight feet long, had a special receiver cup on the end. He had a contraption he had built himself. He would lay that 10-15 foot log—they weren't logs, they were smaller pipes, maybe 5 or 6 inches in diameter—and then he would center his auger in the heart of that yellow pine, and start drilling, turning by hand this long auger. We would be there, the boys would be there, and every few minutes he would pull out a core or whatever, and he would inspect it to see which side of the heart he was drilling. And then he had some crude adjustments where he would move his pegs a little down or sideways, and he'd go back and hit the heart again.

These pipes were tapered on one end and flared out on the other end. They

were laid from a branch of Lander Creek, which was across the canyon, and where water was piped across Lane's Creek, and over to the dairy for the making of cheese.

This was quite an art. I was working on my church one day with two experienced carpenters. I told them about how my



Grandpa Will J. had drilled these yellow pines and made pipes out of them. They laughed at me! Ha! They'd never heard of such a thing. But that is one thing, Will J.'s the only man I ever saw drill "spouts" before or after. It was quite an art that I suppose he learned as a boy in Switzerland and then again as a young man in Bern, Idaho. —Max Eschler



Willard R. Kunz  
b 7 Aug 1902  
d 2 Nov 1982

### Willard R. Kunz

written to his sister, Myrtle,  
for a 14 February 1978 Relief  
Society Tribute Presentation:  
"Myrtle, Do you Remember?"

When, as kids, we  
had our own fun games,  
such as "Hop Scotch,"

"Kick the Can," Hide and Seek," and  
"Horse Shoes." Playing Horse Shoes was  
always my favorite game, and probably  
because we did not furnish enough  
competition for you, it always took  
considerable coaxing for you to enter into  
the game of horse shoes with some of us  
younger ones, but when we were  
successful, it was always interesting.

"Do you Remember" the Sleigh Box full  
of school kids from "Rabbit Holler" on



our way to school without, it seemed, a worry in the world? Even though there were deep snow drifts to go through, to my knowledge, we were never late. The teachers, whom we considered as super beings, were always there before us arranging for an interesting day. Such teachers as Joseph P. Patterson, Oliver C.

of the beautiful camp sites on our trip, where good food and plenty of bedding, with the quiet and peaceful surroundings of the canyon, were enjoyed by everyone after a hard day's work. The next day was spent in reaching the Grandfather Schmid Ranch on Slug Creek, where we were greeted by him and his family who had spent the winter on the ranch and were as happy as we were for the reunion. It took two more full days to reach Williamsburg, or "the Dairy," as we called it.

"Do you Remember" all the details needed before the first batch of cheese could be made? The cleaning up of the dairy itself. Getting the metal vat, the heating equipment in shape, along with the cheese presses. Also getting Lander's creek piped into the dairy through home-made wooden pipes, for a distance of about one-quarter of a mile. These things besides milking about a hundred cows by hand, and making cheese from the milk, which was a big job in itself. It included stirring the rennet and Coloring into the milk after it reached the correct temperature. Then after the milk "set" it was cut into small squares with curd Knives, when more stirring was carefully done under proper temperature and until a certain texture of ripening was reached. Then occasional stirring was done, and when the curd was "ripe" as we called, the whey was then drained from the curd in what we called a "sink." The proper amount of salt was added and stirred into the curd and it was placed in metal "hoops." These were placed in a press which completed squeezing the remainder of the whey out of the curd and formed the solid cheese, which were left in the press for about eighteen hours, and then they were transferred to the "drying room" to cure.

"Do you Remember" that there were other enjoyable activities, such as making ice cream with a hand-turned freezer, when sheep men would bring snow in canvas pack bags from the higher mountains? Some of these fellows used the excuse of bringing snow or a leg of



Willard, Joe, Ivy, Alf

Dunford, Mary Collings, Eloise Paulsen, Reuel V. Kunz, Charlotte and Ruth Hulme, and their brother Ben Hulme, were among those whom we respected and would have patterned our lives according to their teachings. To you mathematics and other subjects seemed to come easy, and mathematics was the toughest for me to handle. Your help in this subject will always be remembered and appreciated.

"Do you Remember" that as soon as school was out our thoughts and activities turned toward moving to Williamsburg for the summer. To us younger ones it seemed to be an outing, with camping out and horse-back riding, etc. But to the more mature ones of the family it was serious business. To pack up bedding, food, and clothing as well as other things to set up housekeeping for the summer. One wagon was usually loaded with pigs and chickens. Others were loaded with trunks and boxes, etc. The White-top buggy usually carried the food and other smaller items, and room for passengers. About a hundred head of cows with their calves were trailed down the west side of the valley to Georgetown, and up Georgetown canyon to the "Big Spring." This was one

lamb to the place in order to see the girls in the family. There were a few other diversions such as going to Wayan or Grays Lake for the July 4th and 24th celebrations where people came from all directions to enjoy visiting, horse races, kids' foot races, plenty of pop and candy and firecrackers, and closed with a baseball game which was always exciting.

"Do you Remember" that the Henry Stampede was the big event of the summer? Our parents would do the milking and cheese making with a skeleton crew and most of us would attend the rodeo, which was one of the most advertised events in Idaho, and drew contestants and a crowd from all the western states.



On horses: Bert & June & Louis K & Drue Mabel, Sophie, Sylvie, Ivy, Grandpa. Front: Les, Joe

These experiences were all part of a "Family Affair" which included all facets of life. Dr. Reed J. Rich once said, "if a member of the Kunz family is sick, they are all affected. If a member of the Rich family is sick, no one gives a d-darn."

We want you to remember that we appreciate your great spiritual strength and example which has helped all of us. Sincerely, Willard.



Deltha K. Dunker  
536 Top Notch Cir.  
Pocatello, ID 83201-  
5074  
b 24 March 1921  
208-233-4523

## Deltha Kunz Dunker

27 May 1997

Our Grandparents were special, even though we might be considered prejudiced. They did so much for everyone with so little. We were closer than most families due to their love and caring.

The memory of Grandfather that has stayed with me was at Williamsburg—standing in the hot sun while he sat in the shade of the bowry, and pouring water over the grinder wheel as he sharpened knives, axes, etc.—being told repeatedly, 'pour it steady, girlie.' Grandmother was of wisdom gained through the years, by life and her whole-hearted love for her family.

We have treasured and used her 'homilies' through out my life and they still hold true.

One was about things not always going as pleasant as we might like: "If it rained soup, our plates would be upside down!"

Another, if we made statements we might not be able to fulfill: "Don't drive the peg too deep; you might have to dig it out with your nose."

The oft repeated one: "One girl is a whole girl, 2 girls are a half girl, and three girls were no girl at all." She had lots of experience in that area!

Of course, we all remember the one about ducks under water! ?????

I can still hear her telling Mother when she was about to correct Blaine as a little boy, "Das nit, Sylvie, das nit."

—The memory of the dainty glasses of chokecherry wine she served Theda and I one Thanksgiving.

So many of us still make wecca, and how pleased she must be as we vie with memories of hers and our own Mothers to achieve their excellence. So many carry on the tradition.

—The onion skin Easter eggs are a ritual with us.

—Deltha K. Dunker

How thankful we are for the trials and hardships they endured that we are able to enjoy the comfortable lives we live and pass on these wonderful memories to the generations who follow.  
—Deltha



Anna L. Vigos  
3705 Wasatch Blvd.  
Salt Lake City Ut 84109  
801-272-6436

One morning in Bern, Anna—in search of Ma—ran past Uncle Willard and Uncle Joe who were engaged in separating the cream from the milk. They had an abundance of foam and decorated Anna so that only her black eyes were visible. [They even took a picture.] Well, she got cold and called for Ma, who came and rescued her, properly scolding the boys, who were about to wash the foam off with the cold water hose.

## Anna Lucy Schmid Vigos

6 June 1997

My Ma and Pa—Mrs. Anna Schmid Kunz and William J. Kunz

They accepted me into their home when I was thirteen months old—after the death of

my mother, Conra Shumway Schmid.

This was after they had raised their own family of ten and Pa's health was poor. It was a time when they should have been preparing to enjoy these "Golden Years."

Instead, they acquired me. I'll be eternally grateful for their loving care and understanding. I pray God has prepared a specially beautiful, restful mansion for them. They have truly earned it.

From Ma I learned the true meaning and joy of homemaking. She could perform any task she desired and perform it to perfection.

I was enchanted to be with her when she was cooking. Her fine Roesti (fried potatoes), noodles, chicken soup, delicious bread, Wecca, Braetzelies, sugar cookies, deep fried wild chicken, sauerkraut, etc.

I liked to tag along with her to milk her special cows, feed her chickens, gather eggs, hang washing, etc.

By the hour she would card wool, spin it and knit stockings, gloves, scarfs, etc., for

her family, Uncle Johnny's family and my father, her brother Robert. This she so generously did with her beautiful little hands that were always busy in service for others.

Even during quiet time, she would sit in her rocker and scrape apples for me to enjoy. What a selfish little critter I must have been, but I enjoyed every moment of her love and attention. They are some of the most precious moments of my life.

I well remember kneeling with the family for prayers as we gathered around the dining table. Pa officiated and there was such a peaceful sweet feeling there.

It was very important to Pa to keep up with national and world news. He had this old, old radio with a headset that he listened to between crackling static. By watching his expressive blue eyes, I knew if he liked the news he received or not.

Ma and Pa had a loving, kind close-knit family and their hospitality was known throughout Caribou and Bear Lake Counties.

I remember running little errands for Pa and Aunt Libby when they were working in the drying room. They were turning and checking the cheese. Pa was very particular in the making and care of the cheese he and his family manufactured. Oh how I loved the warm curd—or when it was toasted on an iron—scrumptious!

Pa was so good to his grand-daughters and me in allowing us to ride his beautiful Buckskin mare "Goldie." How we loved that horse. We would ride her and dream the grandest dreams.

Lane's Creek provided water for the Williamsburg dairy and it also provided us with a swimming pool. This pool was really enjoyed during the hot summer days—of course "Au Naturelle." From the banks of the creek we found clay and made play dishes.

Pa taught us to create whistles from the green willows that grew along the creek.



Swimming hole at Lane's Creek with little swimmers



While doing this, he would entertain us with stories of his past.

Even today it is agonizingly painful to me to remember their love and caring of me. I love them dearly and appreciate all that was done for me.



Loa Uremovitch  
358 Annalyn Cir  
Sandy, UT 84070  
b 12 Dec 1920

### Loa Bateman Uremovitch

May 1997 [telephone conversation]

"When we would visit Williamsburg, we liked to swim at the old swimming hole. I was always losing my shoes. When Grandpa had

found them for the hundredth time, he gave them to me saying, 'Now, girlie, if you lose them again, I'm going to nail them to your feet!' And he *meant* it," said Loa.



June B. Black  
388 E 5900 South  
Murray UT 84107  
801-268-2571  
b 2 Jun 1916

### June Bateman Black

6 July 1997 [telephone conversation]

We lived next to Grandpa and Grandma in Bern when I was a little girl. I remember getting up early in the mornings before others were awake, walking in bare feet to their house,

going upstairs where Ivy and Mytle were sleeping, and saying to them: "It's the time to get up!" They would take me into bed with them to get my little cold feet warmed up. Once while they slept I looked at some Easter Eggs they had there in their room. They were decorated with little candy or frosting mice. I nibbled them off!

Later, when we lived in Utah, Ruth and I would be so excited when we went to Williamsburg. We did pretty good until we got to Uncle Johnnie's place at the lower dairy. From there on, we would jump up and down in the back seat and scream the rest of way until we got there.

While we were there we would sleep with other cousins in the sheep camp next to the house. Nothing was better than visiting grandpa and grandma.

We would be so lonesome to go to see them that when a rancher we knew was going up there, and he would ask if mother wanted to go up with him, we willingly rode in the back of his truck all the way, and thought nothing of the long ride in the open truck

I remember the family prayers, with all kneeling around the table. There would often be sheepmen visiting and invited for a meal; regardless of who was there, they would kneel with us while humble prayers were said.



Larry P. Kunz  
6395 S Braxton Way  
Salt Lake City, UT  
84121  
801-273-7529  
b 3 Oct 1934

### Larry P. Kunz

1 September 1997

#### Memories

It had been a very long time since I really focused on my memories of Grandma and Grandpa Kunz. When I did so, as I had promised Dianne I would, I experienced a flood of recollections.

Actually, they were more like flashbacks. Some were of events, some of things. Most were very pleasant. All were fun to think about.

Knives: He had the sharpest knives imaginable. Many were ground down to pencil like widths. He used a large grindstone on which he sat and peddled while he sharpened away. I try to have my knives the same way.

The rope: He had a rope attached to the ceiling above his side of their bed by which he would pull himself up. I recall it had a large knot on the end for better gripping. I was fascinated by the rope and thought it would make an excellent Tarzan swing. Dianne and I may have even tried it out.

The chair: His was a captain's chair. I remember that as he grew older, he almost came to be shaped like the chair he used so much.

Newspaper clippings: After Grandma died and Grandpa lived down the street from Sylvie and Mabel, I remember he liked to clip out newspaper articles. The problem was the old papers tended to pile up. Every so often, the "girls" would have to come in and persuade him to let them throw them away. I sensed it was a challenge.

Hand knitted mittens: Oh what a treasure they were! I think Grandma had a hard time keeping the supply equal to the demand. That Grandma knitted them was special by itself, but they were also wonderful to wear. The only problem was that one could only make so many snow balls before little ice balls formed on the wool. Remember?

Fresh, hot biscuits: These were absolutely to die for and just thinking about her scones makes me hungry today.

Breakfasts: Farmer's breakfasts that is. Rerschsti, fried meats and eggs. Always plenty to go around.

The radio: Particularly in Bern, I remember Grandpa sitting in his captain's chair, cupping his hand to his ear and listening to his radio. I always wonder what would have happened if he'd been doing so when lightening struck the house, traveled down the antennae and burned out a spot on the outside of the radio. Hmn.

Fingertip coats: Either in the late forties or early fifties, *fingertip* coats were a fashion item and Grandpa had one! It was medium blue with double, contrasting stitching at the bottom. It hung at fingertip length and he looked very continental as he walked the streets of 'Pelier, cane in hand.

It seemed to me the family had a lot of traditions, even rituals. One in particular that I recall was the slaughtering of a hog. Everyone seemed to have certain duties. Grandpa's exclusive job was to dispatch the animal, which he did with a single shot to the forehead from a .22 rifle. The critter was dressed then hoisted with a pulley and lowered into a large drum of scalding hot water, whereupon all of the hair was scraped from it's hide using Grandpa's specially sharpened, large spoons.

There were other traditional events I recall: making sauerkraut with Grandpa's cabbage slicer and his 2 x 4 prepared for breaking down the cabbage; noodle making where several families would gather, roll the dough, cut the noodles and hang them all over the kitchen to dry.

A special recollection is of the cattle drives to the Dairies. As I remember, the men would go ahead with the cows and the rest of us would rendezvous in Georgetown canyon. There would be big bonfires, good food with singing and story telling. We kids somehow always managed to get in to the stinging nettles. Ouch!

I could go on and on but as I recalled these things and others (tromping hay; playing fox and geese on the crusted snow drifts; Grandma fixing fresh deer liver after the deer hunt), visiting each of the families on Christmas day, I am left with the profound sense of a very close family with great values and a rich history of loving each other. I hope it can continue.



Phillip R. Kunz  
Dept of Sociology  
Brigham Young  
University  
Provo, UT 84602  
801-378-6079

### Phillip R. Kunz

3 July 1997  
(son of Parley & Hilda Kunz,  
nephew of William J.)

Uncle Will and  
Aunt Annie

When I was a Blazer  
in Primary I went to  
Montpelier with my

parents and they dropped me off to visit with Uncle Will for a requirement in the Primary program. I "interviewed" him regarding the family coming to America and his early experience. He told me about the copper kettles they brought to make cheese in and the material they put in the milk to make it curd. The material was called rennet. He told me about the crossing of the ocean and I recall that I was amazed at how good his memory was for being such an old man. He had white hair and what I considered to be a brown mustache. At least it was tinged a bit that color. Aunt Annie was always so kind and seemed to be interested in Parley and Hilda and their family.



While they still lived in Bern, we used to go to their home, South of the cemetery, on occasion and Aunt Annie was always working. She made me at least two different pair of mittens that I remember. Sometimes they would come to our home on a winter's night and I remember always having a good feeling when they were there.

In the later years of their life I can still see Uncle Will walking across the field as he was going fishing down on the Bear River on the South side of the Bern road.

I wish I could have that interview over again now. I wish I had my notes for the report or the worn little mittens. We should be careful what we discard.

Love Phil



Sandra K. Martin  
1374 Austin  
Idaho Falls, ID 83401  
208-523-4217  
b 20 Sep 1937

### Sandra Kunz Martin

30 June 1997

I don't have as many memories of Grandma and Grandpa as the rest of you because we didn't live right there and I was the youngest grandchild. Grandma died when I was either 4 or 5, so there aren't a lot of memories. I can remember going to see them in Bern and the lane being either muddy or snow-covered and grandpa coming to the end of the lane in the wagon or sleigh to bring us to the house. I liked to ride in the sleigh pulled by the horse.

I remember Grandpa more. I can remember he had his shoes on the wrong feet and when I asked him why, he said they kept their shape better that way. Mom took a picture of him that day and you could see his shoes turning the wrong way.

I also remember one time Mom and Dad took him fishing for the day. We fished for a long time in one spot in the boiling sun. Then we moved to a nice shady spot and Dad could see this great big trout under a bridge; he got Grandpa set up there to fish. He fished for a couple of minutes and then scared us when he hollered "Oh,

my, Oh!" We thought he was sick. They decided he probably needed to rest and have some lunch. But he insisted he go back to where we were fishing before to rest. When we got back to the first place, they were trying to hurry and get him some lunch and make him more comfortable and he said, "Now while you fix lunch, I'll go fish." They laughed so hard because he just wanted to fish in the spot *he wanted to* and wasn't sick at all!

I remember Grandma not having any or very much grey hair, and I always wondered why she had dark hair and my other Grandma had snow white hair. I can remember everyone being at their house in Bern for dinner; I also remember Grandpa used to let me sit on the arm of his chair and comb his hair.



Baby Sandra, —the youngest of the grandchildren, with Dianne & Larry



Verlene K. Baker  
1428 Mound Street  
Alameda CA 94502  
503-523-1739  
b 3 Jul 1925

### Verlene Kunz Baker

1 July 1997

Some of my treasured memories of dear Grandpa William J. and Grandma Annie: First of all, I would like to say that like Nephi, I am so proud to be born of goodly parents and grandparents. What a blessing that is. Some of my earliest memories of going to visit grandma and grandpa and walking into the house where there were always hugs and lots of love. There was no question that we were loved. They were never too busy to pay attention and listen to the things we wanted to tell them. I remember on one visit that grandma took me into the bedroom and we sat on the bed and just had a good talk. I really don't remember

what we talked about but I do remember her loving arm around me and knew how much she cared. I also remember one or two trips to the Dairies and how much fun it was and how excited we would all be to go there.

We moved away when I was quite young, but I am grateful for these few happy memories: horseback riding, watching the cows being milked, the cheese making and getting to taste the curd, the wonderful smells in the kitchen and all the yummy food grandma was always making. I also remember the special prayers that were always said and maybe we had wiggles, but they were precious memories. We are all very blessed to have had these two wonderful caring people as our grandparents!!

Dianne S.  
Rasi-Koskinen  
1744 Richard Rd  
Sandy UT 84093  
801-561-9515  
b 30 Nov 1935

## Dianne Steckler Rasi-Koskinen

6 June 1997

One of my early memories is that of sitting alone in the early morning sun on the front cement steps at Grandpa and Grandma's Bern home to lace up my brown shoes. I can still "see" down the lane and across the fields to the mountains east of Montpelier. I think I can still smell the mingled fragrances of dew-on-grass, sweet hay and sun-warmed earth. I hear a meadow lark call. Alone I sat there, but still not alone, because I knew "the folks" were in the house going about their business—this memory has multiplied in my mind the sweetness of the memories of those days together with a longing for the sweetness of associations now suspended. Today, "alone," but still not alone, I treasure the promise that "the folks" are *there* going about their business—and that those associations will resume.

My only memory of Williamsburg is visiting there once or twice, long after Williamsburg was "retired." When the family would talk about it, I always felt I had missed out on something really great. (One of those times, with Duane as the driver, we got stuck in the mud. Even with a cast on his broken arm, he was the only

able-bodied one, so he worked in the mud to get us out until his cast was replastered—with mud!) My own memories are all associated with Bern and Montpelier. When I was four years old, we moved from Grandpa and Grandma's home in Keller Holler, where my mother, Wayne and I had lived for four years, to the "post office" in Bern. I went back as often as I could to visit Grandma. Once I took a great risk and tried to sneak a visit after my mother had said "No" because Grandma was not feeling well. But I was sure I would be welcomed. Mother caught me before I could get there—and I received a public spanking for my effort!

One lunch time I recall Grandpa had great difficulty cutting butter to spread on his bread, only to discover that the "butter" was a piece of swiss cheese. The way I remember it is that he scolded a little that Grandma had put cheese on the table as butter. On reflection, I'm not sure whether it was her "mistake" or his, but it made an impression on me. And yes, I do remember sitting at Grandma's table ready for dinner or lunch, and upon learning the menu asking "Potato soup—again?" [Now I love potato soup.]

Sitting behind Grandma in her big chair and combing her hair seems to be a memory many of us have—the granddaughters, at least. I also loved riding in the "boogley wagon," and never got enough of it.

Do you remember the "umbinder" Grandpa wore under his hat on windy or cold days? or when he went fishing? My first ironing job was to iron his big blue or red bandanas. Did you ever pick "cow slips" somewhere down the "shreg lane"? [What was the name of that lane, anyway?] Or hike to the peak or Bear Holler with hard boiled eggs, salt, pepper & mustard for a lunch?

I loved best when Grandpa, Grandma, and the family would assemble up the canyon to "burn a weenie" as Uncle Joe would say—with the aromas of rushty frying, one savory meat or another cooking on the camp stoves, the coffee brewing—intermixed with the sights, sounds, and smells of the great outdoors—ahhh. Or the family gathering at Grandpa's in Bern, for

dinner—and on occasion to listen to conference on the radio—the adults visiting and listening, the cousins running in and out, up and down—having a great time. I remember anticipating those visits—looking out the window and down the lane to spot the car or cars coming from “town,” sometimes running part way down the lane to meet them, riding back on the running board. I remember sitting around their large table after a meal and playing “spoons.” I won’t ever forget the look on Aunt Ivy’s face when she would quietly pick up a spoon and wait for every one else to catch on.

I loved sauerkraut-making gatherings—the adults taking turns running crisp heads of cabbage over the sharp blades of the cutter—the cut cabbage put in the barrel; everyone, including the children, taking a turn pounding the cabbage until it was bruised and exuding cabbage juice; the salting and tasting and asking each other if they thought it had enough salt; weighting the lid down on top of the full barrel. Then of course there was the far-too-long wait for it to ferment before we could eat it. I loved sauerkraut sandwiches, sauerkraut with potatoes and milk gravy—maybe the only thing I didn’t like was the aroma.

I think Grandpa and Grandma loved Yellowstone Park. I remember going to Yellowstone with them when I was five years old. Uncle Willard invited (persuaded) Grandpa, Grandma, and my mother [including Wayne and Dianne] to go on an unforgettable trip—bears and geysers are all combined in this memory with Grandma’s cooking on the camp stove, rushty and fish frys, fishing off Fishing Bridge—and Aunt Lorena feeding the bears! [marshmallow/graham cracker sandwiches, spaced and placed appropriately to lead the bears *closer* to our car!]

After Grandpa moved to Montpelier many Saturdays (during my Saturday-

morning-piano lesson days) we’d have lunch together (sometimes at the Burgoyne Cafe) and then go to a matinee at the Rich Theater—that is, if the matinee was a western! The price of admission for me (under age 12) and for Grandpa (a senior citizen) was the same: 9¢. The plan was that we were to take turns paying, but when we approached the window to buy the tickets, Grandpa would say: “Now girlie, I think it is my turn.” It seems like it was always his turn. We never sat together—he would sit in the back where he could make use of the hearing aid facility, and I would sit wherever I wanted. We both liked Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, Gabby Hayes, lot’s of horses, and the Sons of the Pioneers. “Tumbling Tumble Weeds,” and “Cool Water” were favorites.

During one of my visits I decided to “help” Grandpa by mopping his

bathroom floor. A big sliver from the mop handle lodged in my hand. Not wanting to tell Grandpa, I left the mop bucket, wet floor, etc., and told him I had to go see Aunt Libby. He could see this was a very sudden decision and coaxed the reason out of me. I cannot remember if he removed the sliver himself, or if he just let me go on to Aunt Libby’s. But I do remember the kindly way he looked at my hand with the sliver and that he did not impose any action on that sliver that I did not allow.

Visiting Grandma and Grandpa—with the accompanying aunts, uncles, and cousins—was the best activity I could think of!

I believe we will all visit Grandma and Grandpa again—and enjoy the best of that which we enjoyed together in the past.



Grandma, Grandpa, Dianne at Old Faithful. Grandma was “all dressed up” with a fresh apron, her hat, and carrying her purse.

## *A word about words...*

A good friend of mine read parts of our "Memory" collection. She said: "Your family has the most delightful words!" And she repeated a few of them. She could say them just about right, because we have each done our best to spell them phonetically, even when we don't know what the *correct* spelling would be. Can you think of other words? Do you have a better idea of how to spell them?

### our words

- angst
- boogeley, boughaly wagon
- bratzlis
- "shturm" or "exshturm"
- gutz
- habisduna
- hoogha
- kneebatz [ku-nay-a-platz] or vorwarneyhooghies (I once thought the name was "For-Ronnie-cookies")
- ruschty, rushty,
- Schnittlogh
- shumali
- umbinder
- wecca

### Spelling/meaning (if known)

Anxiety, fear Our family had "the angst" (we pronounced "ong-sht") long before it became the fashionable term in American society "Angst" (often pronounced "ang-st" with an "a" as-in "after") to designate the anxiety or nervous moving force that drives the artist, author, etc., to pursue his art.

two-wheeled wagon hitched up to one horse (Peanuts)

thin, lemon or anise flavored sugar/butter cookies, cooked on a Braetzi iron

confusion, agitation (??); [close German word: "sturm" means "storm," "tempest," or "to ring the alarm bell"]

? just a "gutz" of this or that

cabbage dish, cabbage cooked on pastry with cream and ??? butter? [If you know how, speak up!]

pie dough (left over?) baked with cream/butter/sugar/cinnamon on top (or even canned milk?)

kneepatches, light airy delicate flaky pastry rolled and stretched thin, deep fried [little "blisters" or puffs form], sprinkled with sugar or sugar/cinnamon; stored in bushel baskets  
Someone once explained that the baker would stretch the dough over his aproned-knee to get the desired thin texture before frying; thus the name "knee patches"

röscht, röesti, rösti [spelling from a cookbook, no less!]  
boiled potatoes, fried in butter w/wo onions/chives;

chives—Schnittlauch [see footnote next page]

a wooden foot stool

It's what we called a scarf: um (around) binder: around-the-head-binder is my guess.

egg/butter bread, braided and baked with an egg or cream wash—a Christmas necessity!

### Boogeley Wagon

There is a German word "bugfieren" which means "to take in tow." Could this be the root word?



Peanuts Himself



The Boogeley Wagon with Thelma, Druie & Verda (I think), and Peanuts, of course.



## How to...

How do you make onion skin Easter eggs, that spinach-garlic dish Donna speaks of, the oft-mentioned "rushty," sauerkraut, or the tripe Wayne talks about—well, no, I don't want to know how to make THAT! Wecca, bratzlis and the rest...????

### Zen and the Art of Making "Rushty"

A travel brochure proclaims: "röschtli, the golden light Swiss version of hashbrowns—a regional speciality of Zurich."

A friend, while proof-reading these "memories," called one Sunday afternoon to ask me what in the world "Rushty" was. She wondered if it was ambrosia. I was unavailable, and so Kalevi told her, "Well, it's fried potatoes." She hung up the phone and said to herself, "Fried potatoes! Why in the world would anyone be so enthusiastic over fried potatoes?" This has caused me to wonder—why are we so in love with Rushty? Well, if we were to try to answer her, what would we say? We could say "It's the butter."

We could say that. We could say "It's the way they were served." We could tell her it's in the seasonings. Still, many of us feel we just don't cook a great pan of Rushty—like Grandma did. Is there a missing ingredient? —Rendered butter? Could it be...? Just as when someone gives you a loaf of homemade bread and you know that someone loves you *that* much—just so, could it be that it has something to do with the love and nurture and acceptance and generosity that enveloped us as we sat together to eat it? Someone said about gifts: "It's not the gift, but the warmth of the hand of the giver" that is the real gift. What would be *your* answer?

...Still—rushty like Grandma made—YES! it is something to be enthusiastic about, to fall in love with!

#### • Rushty as Grandma Kunz taught the Eschler girls

Melt generous amount of butter in skillet. Just as it is turning brown add preboiled and shredded potatoes. Add Schnittlogh<sup>1</sup> if you like. When browned on bottom turn once only and brown as desired.  
Salt and pepper to taste.

#### • Swiss Easter Eggs as Libby Eschler did them.

Have ready about a 10 x10 inch square of newspaper for each egg. (Any type of paper will work; newspaper was readily available and cheap.) In a good sized kettle put the dry brown-yellow onion skins that fall off the onions (all sizes and shapes), coffee grounds, and a "gutz" of vinegar. (You may need to save those dry onion skins all year to have enough by Easter; if you don't have enough, and do have friendly grocer, you may be able to get a sack full from his produce department.) Barely cover all with water and kind of mix it up. Using clean raw eggs, cover each egg completely with a generous layer of the soaked onion peel and coffee grounds mixture. Wrap each onion-skin covered egg individually in a square of newspaper and just put some string around it to hold it together. Place these egg "packages" in a large kettle. Cover the newspaper-wrapped eggs completely with water. Bring to a boil slowly and boil until hard cooked. (Cooking time depends on how long it takes to hard boil eggs at your elevation; if egg packages float on top of water, you may want to cover the pan, as there have been some reports that the eggs did not fully cook in the usual length of time; covering the pan should help with that problem.) Remove from kettle. After you remove the wrappings, dry the eggs and lightly grease them so that they shine.

I remember reading a short story by Willa Cather—"Neighbor Rosicky." During lean years made even worse by drought and crop failures, neighboring families resorted to selling the cream skimmed off their milk in order to make a little extra money. Neighbor Rosicky's wife resisted that temptation, saying that she did not want to raise pale "skim-milk" children. I thought that meant she *wanted* to give the *best* she *had* to her children. That feeling of love and willingness—even eagerness—to give generously the best describes Grandma Annie. —No, Grandma didn't raise "skim-milk" children, either.

Thanks to Donna Kennett for the Rushty and Easter Egg instructions.

<sup>1</sup>My spelling. But wait! I found the word in the German/English dictionary!! "Schnütt" is a derivative of "to cut," and "Lauch" is the German word for "leek." Schnittlauch! But Schnittlauch is a word all by itself.

*From Switzerland to a pioneer life in America  
for their testimonies of the restored gospel—*

*William J. & Annie S. Kunz*



*A Short History*

## *A Legacy*

linch bark paper from Williamsburg days

### ***Leave Babylon. Gather to Zion***

That was the call of the restoration the Kunz and Schmid families heard. Leave the “world”—worldliness with its enticements—power, getting gain, digging a pit for your neighbor, pride. Gather to Zion—have the comfort of “knowing God” and the peace of a pure heart and pure intent. *How well the early converts understood that call!* The patriarch to the church blessed John Kunz III, William’s father, thus: “...thou art one of the noble Spirits that was present in the Grand Counsel that was held in heaven when the Morning Stars sang together, and the Sons of God Shouted for Joy, and you volunteered at that time, to come upon the Earth in this last Dispensation and take upon thyself a body of flesh and Blood and Bones an nerves and Sinewes in Order to ‘work out thy Salvation and obtain for thyself a far more exceeding and eternal weight of Glory’ and inasmuch as thou has left thy Native Country in Order to obey a commandment that the Lord has given wherein he has commanded his Saints to gather out from Babylon, and flee to the Land of Zion, where they can be taught the Laws and ordinances that pertain to life and Salvation and be free from the Calamities that are about to come upon the Nations of the earth, and if thou wilt listen to the Counsel of those that God has called and set apart to bear Rule in His Kingdom, ...thou shall be blest pertaining [to] thy labors in the Ministry even in thy own native Country, ... and thou shalt become a Savior upon Mount Zion even a Savior unto many of thy friends and relatives that have died without a knowledge of the Truth and thou shall be blest in helping to build Temples and in lengthening the cords and strengthening the Stakes of Zion.”

Switzerland to America. Babylon to Zion. If we look only at the journey of miles, we miss the greater adventure. The “Babylon to Zion” journey is one we each will make. “Come!” their call resonates with Him who issued the call first, and we hear it echo across the veil.

*“Come, my dear ones, come...”*

Leave Babylon. Build Zion. This is our legacy from Annie Schmid and William John Kunz. We will see how they set a course to find the “...comfort of being together in peace and plenty...” under God—not a bad working description of Zion.

### Time line / William J. Kunz & Annie Schmid

1802 Dec 9	birth of Rosina Katharina Klossner [wife of John I]
1803 Sep 16	birth of John Kunz I
1819 Jun 20	birth of Rosina Knutti (who md. John Kunz II)
1823 Jan 20	birth of John Kunz II
<b>1830 Apr 6</b>	<b>Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints organized by Prophet Joseph Smith</b>
1837 Mar 8	birth of Magdalena Straubhaar
1837 Sep 24	birth of Karl August Schmid
1841 Nov 13	death of Jakob Kunz (father of John I); his widow Susanna waits 3 days ...
1842 Oct 22	John Kunz II [at age 19] md to Rosina Knutti, dght of David Knutti and Katharina Mani
1843 May 4	birth of Anna Landert
1844 Feb 7	birth of John Kunz III
1862 Jun 22	John Kunz I & daughter Rosina baptized by Ulrich Buehler
1862	John II joined mob at his father's home protesting presence of Mormon missionaries; John I told his son to go to his home [he did]
1863 Jun 12	Katharina Kunz [twin of Rosina] baptized by Elder Ulrich Buehler
<b>1865 Mar 14</b>	<b>birth of William J. Kunz</b>
<b>1867 May 7</b>	<b>birth of Anna Schmid</b>
1868 Mar 21	John Kunz I ordained a priest by Elder Willard B. Richards
1868 Nov 11	John Kunz I ordained an elder by Elder Karl G. Maeser; appointed <b>Presiding Elder</b> of the Branch and served until his death
1868 Nov 15	Rosina K.K. Kunz baptized & confirmed by Elder Karl G. Maeser
1868 Nov 15	John III and Magdalena Straubhaar Kunz baptized
1869 Feb 27	John II & Rosina Knutti Kunz baptized by Elder Willard B. Richards; confirmed by Elder Christian Willie
1869 Mar 30	John II ordained teacher by Elder Karl G. Maeser
1869 Nov 4	John II ordained elder by Elder Karl G. Maeser
1870 Jul 6	John II [wife & 8 of 10 children] left for America [SS Victoria]
1871 Feb 17	death of John Kunz I [in Switzerland]
1873 Jun 30?	Sophia Straubhaar baptized by John III before he emigrated to Zion
<b>1873 Jun 4</b>	<b>William J. baptized by his father</b>
1873 Jul 2 ?	John III & family [William J.] emigrated to America [SS Nevada]
1874 May 22	death of Magdalena Straubhaar Kunz [William J.'s mother]; blessed by Wilford Woodruff & Charles C. Rich; buried in Ovid Cemetery
1874 Oct 26	John III marries Sophie Straubhaar [in USA]
1876 winter	William baptized for restoration of health
1878 Jun 3	John II ordained a Bishop June 3, 1878, by Apostle Charles C. Rich [Bern, Idaho]
<b>1880 May 26</b>	<b>Karl August Schmid baptized [Switzerland]</b>
1880 Jun 25	Anna Landert Schmid baptized [Switzerland]
<b>1880 Oct 4</b>	<b>Anna Schmid [Kunz] baptized [Switzerland]</b>
1883 Jan 18	death of Rosina K.K. Kunz at age 81; buried in Logan cemetery [widow of John Kunz I; great grandmother to William J.]
1883 August	Annie [16] & Mary [11] arrived in Paris Idaho
1884-1886	John III serves mission in Switzerland
1886 Jun 9	Schmid parents [Karl, Anna] & 3 children arrive in Montpelier
<b>1887 May 5</b>	<b>William J. &amp; Annie Schmid married in Logan temple</b>
1890 Feb 16	death of John II; buried in Ovid Cemetery, Ovid, Idaho
1890 Jun 15	John Kunz III ordained bishop Bern Ward by Elder John Taylor; served next 26 years in this calling
1893??	William J. moved his family to Williamsburg—the "middle dairy"
1894 Feb 4	death of Rosina [wife of John II]; buried in Ovid, Idaho
1895 Jul 31	Indian up-rising at Williamsburg
1899 Mar 27	Schmid family relocates to ranch at Slug Creek
<b>1906</b>	<b>❖Bought land to build home in Bern at "Keller Holler"; first frame home in Bern</b>
1911 Jul 4	death of Anna Landert Schmid [burial Georgetown, Idaho]
1913 Jan 25	death of Karl August Schmid [burial Georgetown, Idaho]
1917 Dec	Annie begins 15 years service in Relief Society
1931 Jan	Electricity comes to Bern, Idaho
1933	William & Annie "retired" to home in Bern
<b>1944 May 23</b>	<b>death of Annie Schmid Kunz 2 weeks past 77th birthday [buried Bern Cemetery]</b>
<b>1952 Mar 15</b>	<b>death of William J. Kunz, 1 day past 87th birthday [buried Bern Cemetery]</b>



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## Introducing...

The year 1997 celebrates the 150th anniversary of the arrival of the first Mormon pioneers in Utah on **July 24, 1847**. Throughout the church world-wide, the almost-ten million members are remembering the *"Faith in Every Footstep"* which brought those pioneers here. From 1847 to 1868, an estimated 58,574 pioneers<sup>1</sup> crossed the plains. **Oct. 24, 1868**, brought the last wagon train company of pioneers to Utah. They traveled from New York by train to Benton, Wyo., where they formed a wagon train to Salt Lake. The following year, on May 10, 1869, the railroad linked the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, thereby ending pioneer migration by wagon and handcart.



Just a little over one year later, on **July 13, 1870**, **John Kunz II** and his large family set sail from Liverpool on the steamship *Manhattan* to cross the Atlantic, arriving July 26. From Castle Garden, New York, the company, now enlarged to 275 saints, traveled in eight railroad cars to Salt Lake, where they arrived 5 August 1870. The train "is so full that in steep parts of the Rocky Mountains, the men had to get out and walk." Even so, "...the combination of steamship travel and the railroad...made the act of getting to the valley faster, ...easier and safer."<sup>2</sup> The Kunz party then traveled by wagon to Providence, Utah, where they spent the winter, and the following spring, continued to Ovid, Idaho...

The descendants of **William J. and Annie S. Kunz** trace their grandparents' "footsteps of faith" in this short history. Those "footsteps" led from Switzerland to Zion, and put in place the heritage that brings their posterity "here" to this point in time—enjoying life blessed by the church and gospel that their fathers recognized and chose to live by—enjoying the freedoms and privileges this country offers as it nears the beginning of a new century. The physical miles they traveled and their hardships were evidence only of an *outward journey*. The *inward journey* is one we all must make.

To discover their dreams, feelings, hopes; what they found strength in; their faith; what made them the kind of parents they were; what they would wish for us, their children, grandchildren, great grandchildren—would be to discover their *inward journey*. Though we cannot know it fully, we can learn *something* about them—and consequently something about ourselves as we *view scenes from their lives*. In their sacrifice we find strength and example to fortify ourselves in our own journeyings.

...we will begin to see how their journeys parallel our own. There are lessons for us in every footstep they took—lessons of love, courage, commitment, devotion, endurance, and, most of all, faith. Is there a lesson in the pioneer experience for us today? I believe there is. The faith that motivated the pioneers of 1847 as well as pioneers in other lands was a simple faith centered in the basic doctrines of the restored gospel, which they knew to be true. That's all that mattered to them...

Life isn't always easy. At some point in *our* journey we may feel much as the pioneers did as they crossed Iowa—up to our knees in mud, forced to bury some of our dreams along the way. We all face rocky ridges, with the wind in our face and winter coming on too soon. Sometimes it seems as though there is no end to the dust that stings our eyes and clouds our vision. Sharp edges of despair and discouragement jut out of the terrain to slow our passage. ... Tapping unseen reservoirs of faith and endurance, we, as did our forebears, inch ever forward toward that day when our voices can join with [theirs]...<sup>3</sup>

One day "...when you've completed your life here and return[ed] to that better world," proposes a pioneer woman to us in our day, "I'm sure we'll embrace and say through our tears: 'How did you ever do it? I doubt that I could have!'"<sup>4</sup> So too will be the meeting between us and our grandparents, **William J. and Annie S. Kunz**.



## Overview of Notable Family "Firsts"

### • John Kunz 1 (Johannes Kunz)

#### "...deliverance from Babylon"

The first member of the Kunz family to seek out and join the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints [1862]. Did not emigrate. Regarding the departure of his oldest son and family to go to the land of Zion, quote: "For which event he was very thankful to his God for seeing the deliverance from Babylon of such a large number all at once. There being in the company who emigrated about fifteen of his nearest blood relations." He died the following year at age 68 in Switzerland. His widow, Rosina, later emigrated with her grandson, John Kunz III, and his family.

#### John Kunz I

First Kunz family member to join the church  
(no picture known to exist)



Rosina K. Kunz

### • John Kunz 2

#### special interest: "...raising his family in the Fear of the Lord"



John Kunz II  
emigrated to Zion in 1870

The last to be converted, but the first to emigrate. "He was instrumental in bringing the first Latter-day elder into his Father's house although personally he was opposed to the Gospel for next seven years. Was baptized in 1869 and emigrated following year leaving Father, Mother, Brothers & Sisters and some of his children behind. On arriving in Ogden he was met by President Brigham Young (5 Aug 1870), who called him on a mission to help settle Bear Lake Valley and introduce there the industry of making Swiss Cheese. He built and owned the first house in the Bern Town Site, at which place he spent the rest of his days in peace, were it not for the fact that in the fall of 1884 he married a second wife while the first was yet living and as a consequence thereof spent his last years mostly on what is known of as the 'Under ground,' a good part of which time he spent in the Logan Temple doing work for his kindred dead. In 1878 John Kunz I was set apart as president of the Bern Branch. He acted in that capacity until his death, which occurred Feb. 16, 1890."

I was set apart as president of the Bern Branch. He acted in that capacity until his death, which occurred Feb. 16, 1890."

#### John Kunz II

First to emigrate, although the last of the 3 John Kunzes to be baptized.

### • John Kunz 3 "...we proceeded to start pioneer life"

Joined the Church 7 years after his grandfather and about 4 months before his own father and mother. Emigrated to Zion in 1873. He wrote: "Thankful to the Lord in preserving our lives up to our arrival in Zion, being my Grand Mother was a fellow-passenger in my care in her Seventy-first year of her life and my Wife with ruined health and three small children and rejoicing to meet Father, Mother, seven Brothers and one sister. All well. We proceeded to start pioneer life. We built the first house in the Bern District, Bear Lake County, Idaho which we used for a dwelling the following year."



John Kunz III  
emigrated in 1873



#### John Kunz III

First family member to serve a mission [to Switzerland]



### • Karl August Schmid

#### Anna Landert Schmid

Baptized 1880; emigrated to Zion June 1886, three years after their daughters Annie [16] and Mary [11] emigrated. Son Karl emigrated in 1885.

Anna and Karl opened their home to the missionaries to hold gatherings of the saints "..."my dear Parents always treated the missionaries to the best they had & loved & respected them..." Annie Schmid Kunz.

#### Karl August & Anna Landert Schmid

First Schmid family members to join the church



Annie Schmid.  
The first of the Schmid family to emigrate along with her 11 year old sister, Mary.

... The Schmid ranch home was a haven for many a traveling rancher. Many tired, hungry travelers called at their door and were never turned away, but invited in for a meal. Anna was loved for her kind-hearted hospitality, which was also expressed by her husband. [Idaho]

## Chapter One

### Marriage, children, and...40 years of curd's 'n whey

Idaho was in the throes of seeking statehood in 1887. Though Mormon settlers had been in Bear Lake since 1862, they had been deprived of the right to vote in 1885 by anti-Mormon political leaders who feared their vote in the statehood campaign. The infamous "Test Oath" kept members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from voting, holding office, or serving on juries for the next seven years.

The Logan Temple was dedicated May 17-19, 1884, by President John Taylor.

N Edluffsen, president of the Temple officiated at their marriage. At this time William's grandfather was the bishop or presiding elder in Bern; Annie's parents had been in Zion for just over one year, and were living in Paris.

Every romance has a "story." But just exactly how and when they first met and fell in love, I have not discovered. Even if we were to have asked them, they may not have given us the answer we look for. I think of Tevye ("Fiddler on the Roof") asking his wife: "Golda, do you love me?" And her answer: "For 25 years I've washed your clothes, cooked your meals, cleaned your house, given you children, milked your cow...if that's not love what is? do I love you, well I suppose I do." While we don't know the "story" of our grandparent's romance—we do have the accumulated "evidence" of their faith in God, their devotion to each other, and to their family.

By May of 1887, he had been in America for 14 years, and she for 4 years. Although they had been born just two years apart and in cities that were only about 80-100 miles distant from each other, they may never have met each other in their native Switzerland. Yet, for their testimonies of the restored gospel, they journeyed 5000 miles or more to come to Zion, where they did meet. William was working in the family cheese-making endeavor in Bern, Idaho. Annie was now working for William's uncle, the David Kunz family, milking cows and fulfilling other duties—also in Bern. Bern was a small community. (Even 40 years later on Dec. 31, 1930, Bern ward membership was 147, including 33 children.) They couldn't help but notice each other—he with the twinkling blue eyes, his hair already beginning to show grey at the temples, she of the gentle ways, warm brown eyes and shinning long black hair! On August 26, 1885, eighteen year-old Annie had received the first of two patriarchal blessings and had been promised: "...thou shalt ...in due time secure unto thyself a companion whom thou shalt delight to honor. Thy sons and daughters shall grow up around thee, be a comfort with thee and bear thy name in honorable remembrance." William's blessing, given that same day, promised him: "...thou shalt have a companion to suit thy condition. ¶Thy Posterity shall grow up around thee and have thy name in Honorable remembrance..." And thus it was (whatever else of the story we don't know) that William, now age 22, found in Annie a companion to suit his condition, and Annie, age 20, found in William the companion whom she would delight to honor; they were married in the Logan LDS Temple, on May 5th, 1887. Together they began a family that would grow around them, be a comfort to them and bear their name in honorable remembrance.

They made their first home in Bern, where William J. contracted to make cheese for two or three years for the Kunz Brothers Dairy. The Kunz Dairy made over 400 pounds of cheese a day from the milk produced by about 270-300 cows. Milk was supplied to the Dairy by the several Kunz families living in Bern. Some cows were "rented," or the milk provided on shares, their owners paid in produce—cheese. William was already experienced in the work of making cheese. His fathers before him in Switzerland had been cheese-makers and had been in the dairying business. So it was that, in 1884 when his own father, John III, was called on a mission to Switzerland, 19-year-old William, the oldest son, was placed in charge of affairs at home. He had

We make a record of them because we love them. And we have assurance that they love us. "...surely those who have passed beyond, can see more clearly through the veil back here to us than it is possible for us to see them from our sphere of action. I believe we move and have our being in the presence of heavenly messengers and of heavenly beings. We are not separated from them. ...we are closely related to our kindred, to our ancestors, to our friends and associates and co-laborers who have preceded us into the spirit world. We cannot forget them; we do not cease to love them; we always hold them in our hearts, in memory, and thus we are associated and united to them by ties we cannot break.... [They] can see us better than we can see them—... they know us better than we know them. They have advanced; we are advancing; we are growing as they have grown; we are reaching the goal that they have attained unto; and therefore, I claim that we live in their presence, they see us, they are solicitous for our welfare, they love us now more than ever."

(Gospel Doctrine: Selections from the Sermons and Writings of Joseph F. Smith (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1978), 430-31.)



the responsibility of caring for the family and their business. Wm J., with the help of 2 girls, made up to 450 pounds of cheese a day during this 2 year period.

### ...bear their name in Honorable Remembrance

The first three of their eleven children were born during this first stay in Bern: Benjamin William Kunz (May 11, 1888), Mabel Maryanne (January 23, 1890), and Sylvia Magdalena (February 16, 1892).

William J. then moved his family from Bern to a farm in Geneva. In 1892 or 93 (one account says 1894), William J. traded that farm for his Uncle William's place in Williamsburg, Idaho.

According to William J.'s youngest brother, George, the Kunz family had "learned of this choice summer grazing country in about 1883. Located about 55 miles north of Bern, it was ideal for grazing milk cows. It was on Lanes Creek at the head of the Blackfoot River. There are a number of streams running, with the river flowing off the mountains." The streams include the Diamond, Browns, Sheep Daves, and Chippie creeks. George continues: "The Williams brothers [had] built a sheep [station there] where the sheepmen could have their herds dipped as they came from Utah...before they were allowed to go into the forest.... They also had a store, a saloon, a rooming house, and a 'red light house,' which is where the name 'Chippie Creek' came from—and, the country was named after Williams, or 'Williamsburg.'"

An interesting side light is related by George Kunz: for many years, John Kunz III had an agreement with Joseph F. Smith, President of the Church. President Smith bought 12 (or more) cows which John brought up from Salt Lake. He tended to them, milked them, and gave President Smith 300 pounds of cheese a year. John kept the calves and when the arrangement ended, he was to sell the cows, giving their selling price to President Smith. This contract lasted until John's death, at which time sons Parley, Abel, and Heber were not engaged in making cheese. When they sold the cows and completed their father's contract, they received an appreciative letter from the President. He stated how "that good Bern cheese" would be missed, and commented that their fairness and cooperation had been greatly appreciated.

Following the lead of other Kunz families [mostly John III's brothers, including brother William], William J., John IV, and their father John Kunz III also bought land (then added to it by homesteading) there in the Lane's Creek, Caribou County, Idaho. The three families started separate dairying operations. The log building which had been the store and saloon owned by the Williams family was bought by Johnny Kunz and moved to the lower dairy to be used as a "drying room" for cheese.

William J.'s dairy was known as the "middle dairy." The "upper dairy" was operated by his father, John Kunz III; the "lower dairy" was owned and operated by

brother John IV (Uncle Johnny) who was married to Annie's younger sister, Mary. These two families were especially close. The children were double-cousins, sharing the same heritage and much the same living conditions during these years.

Here at the middle dairy, without the aid of a doctor, Sophie Olive was born on August 7, 1894. One Mrs. Stanley from Soda Springs acted as mid-wife. Of the seven additional children that were born into their family, two more were born at Williamsburg: Willard Robert (7 August 1901), and Leslie Amasa (25 June 1910). Anna Elizabeth (25 July 1896), Myrtle (15 May 1899), Ivy (23 December 1904), and Joseph John (6 December 1906)—were all born in Bern. Their tenth child, Carl August, born 7 July 1909, died that same day. Grandma Annie, it has been retold, referred this little one her "tithing baby."

As a young girl in Switzerland, Annie had feared emigrating to America because of stories she had heard of Indians. That fear left her after her baptism, but here, several years later, at the middle dairy, she would have encounters that surely must have rivaled the very fears she had fifteen years earlier as that young girl in Switzerland.

One time an Indian rode up to the dairy where Wm J was making cheese. He spotted a nice new saddle hanging on the wall, asked to use it on his trip to see C.C.R. [Charles C. Rich, we presume], indicating he would bring it back in 2 moons and 1/2, marking time on his fingers. With some misgivings Grandpa Wm J allowed the Indian to take the saddle. The Indian, as good as his word, returned the saddle on the appointed time.

In the beginning, these dairies made Swiss cheese exclusively; in later years, however, the demand became great for American cheese which each of the Kunz Dairy endeavors produced for many years until large co-op dairies were established and it became good business for dairy farmers to sell milk to the co-ops. Daughter, Myrtle wrote "The price of their produce [cheese] ranged from 6¢ a pound in early days to 34¢. In all their cheese-making career they never realized half of the high price of the present day article. (Cousins Alvin M and later Reed K continued making cheese in Bern for the entire community for some years after.)"

1910. On June 23 President Gordon B. Hinckley was born, two days before Uncle Les.



"The family followed the admonition of Brigham Young which was, that it was better to feed than fight them. Which they did and by their kindly and generous treatment, they made and won the friendship of many a red man and family who came year after year to pay their annual visit and get their liberal supplies." —Myrtle

They were "angered," as it turns out, with an understandable cause. See note.<sup>2</sup>

Chief Washakie, a prominent Shoshone Indian chief, played a role in the friendly early settlement of Cache Valley and Bear Lake Valley and was a friend to Brigham Young; he was baptised by Amos Wright, an early missionary and bishop of Bennington and an ancestor of Bear Lake educator Lewis Munk. The chief died in 1900 at the age of 102. He is represented on the "This Is the Place Monument" in Salt Lake City. His son Charles and his granddaughter attended the dedication and their presence was acknowledged in remarks that day by President George Albert Smith [1947].<sup>3</sup>

On another occasion when Wm J was absent from home, an intoxicated Indian came into their home and demanded of Grandma Annie that the "white squaw give white buck's gun" to him. Settlers had reason to fear the actions of a drunken Indian—one with a gun would be doubly feared. It took courage and faith for her to stand firm in her refusal. Annie tried to get his mind off the gun by giving him food and coffee. Then, in answer to her prayer, a sheep man came along and he walked the Indian out of the house to his camp, sobered him up and sent him on his way.

A well-documented encounter at the middle dairy was recorded by Uncle Robert Schmid in his journal. Aunt Myrtle's account of it is as follows: "On July 31, 1895, retiring to a well-earned rest from their hard grueling tasks of the day, the family was awakened by the shouts of 2 men on horseback who had ridden from Star Valley, Wyoming, to warn them of the Indian trouble, calling them to awaken and make the preparations to leave their home, as a band of 200 Indians on the warpath were headed their way. Their home lay in the path of the approaching Indians and there was no telling what the Indians would do, once angered into action. Preparation to leave was commenced immediately. Wm J with his young brother in law [Robert Schmid] went out (on the one cow-wrangling pony always kept staked close by) into the unfenced country in search of the band of horses that was running loose on the range. Just as dawn was beginning to appear over the mountain tops, the horses were located near the 'Saddle,' and brought in to be hurriedly harnessed.

Three teams and wagons were prepared for each of the 3 families to evacuate their homes at the upper, middle & lower dairies. "By seven o'clock they were making their way [south] to Bear Lake. The wagons had been loaded with food, clothing and some bedding and the women and children—each wagon with one of the men driving. They, of course, had to leave their summer's earnings—the cheese—unattended in the open drying room. Fearing the Indians would overtake them, the calves were turned out with the cows and haste was made to depart. Little did they know what might befall them if they fell into the hands of angered red men, whose appearance they expected momentarily." Uncle Rob Schmid recorded that he drove a nearly new sheep camp with many of the children and women. He stopped to rest the teams twice during this 60-mile journey, arriving in Bern by 9:00 pm. Myrtle continues: "Days went by and when members of the families went back to look the situation over, they found the Indians camped in the meadow above the middle dairy. Their feelings were eased when they saw [there were] women and children with them. They felt safer to talk with them. Chief Washakie, who had previously been on very friendly terms with the dairymen, was sullen and angry with downcast eyes, untalkative when approached. [The Indian chief was] surly, kept saying 'white man heap S-of a b-.' Several large cheese were cut up and divided among the Indians, as a peace offering. The Indian condition had been reported to the authorities who sent a Negro militia to gather them up and return them with police escort back to the reservation. Though they generally got along well with the Indians, early settlers did dread such uprisings. This Indian scare of 1895 seemed to be their most narrow escape." —Myrtle Kunz Steckler

For 40 years these families lived in Williamsburg during the summer months. They would trail large herds of milk cows to the grazing land at Williamsburg in the spring, and then move to Grays Lake (in the earliest years) for the winter. Winters were far too harsh to remain at Williamsburg. Quoting George Kunz again: "One year Samuel Kunz and his family decided to stay the winter at Williamsburg. It was a severe winter with no means of getting anywhere. The snow was so deep [that when] crusted, they could walk from the top of one house to another. As time went on, they ran low on food and ... had to do something. Samuel... cut four small poles and fashioned some crude snowshoes. His two oldest boys left to go to the Austin Wooley ranch on the Blackfoot river." They did reach the ranch and obtained some flour. The trip back through blizzards was very dangerous, but they made it through the storms and returned to their home. Williamsburg was no place to be in the winter.

In the fall of 1906, Will and Annie bought land and built a home in Bern at "Keller Holler." Keller (or Rabbit) Holler is about one mile south of present center of Bern, and just down the hillside to the south of the Bern Cemetery. From that time on they spent winters in Bern where the children would attend school, and continued to spend summers in Williamsburg engaged in dairying and cheese-making. There, the families both *milked the cows* and *made the cheese*. Cows need to be milked twice daily—by hand at this time, of course. Milking so many cows twice daily

created the need for almost everyone to be involved in the milking—the children learned to milk at a very young age. It is difficult for us today to understand how relentlessly demanding is the all-weather every-day job of feeding, rounding up, milking, and managing a herd of cows. Everyone had to be involved in the making of cheese, as well. And then there was the cooking and bread-baking on a wood-burning stove, cleaning, and washing for the large family—all this while living in a dirt-roofed home constructed of logs—amidst flies, mosquitos, with no running water, electricity, or plumbing, and a cheese “factory” housed in another log building. This was their arduous work routine for some 40 years. Family life revolved around it. A close family life revolved around it...

We can view scenes from the life of this extraordinary family in excerpts from letters written by family members to Myrtle, who served a mission in California from 1925 to early 1927. These letters, like journal entries, reveal details of daily life and family relations during this time period. Love, consideration, support, and involvement one with another stands out in each little detail. Every grandmother will relate to Grandma Annie's several comments about her grandchildren, such as this one: *“Ben & his folks come to visit had dinner with us we all had a nice time we had spinach for dinner & I was sure amused at Gorden he told us how spinach and Cabbegg [were] the better in the rough stat were the only vegatables that contained the three vitanins which the body so needed...”*

Sometimes we can even hear a bit of Swiss accent in phrases, words and spelling as Grandma Annie writes of daily life: *“...we sure had a dandy visit with dear Mabel & children she stayed a week as she was a littel worried about Ratio being alalone & she expected Jesses Boys to get there to helpe put up the hay, we got a nice letter from Suff the other evening they were well but its hot there too, Thursday Joseph & Libbie Theda & Verda left for Bern Joë to helpe Leslie with the hay & Libbie to cooke for them & perhaps put up a few Cherries if there ar some yet, well no doubt Ben has told you all about their new Baby [Verlene, born July 3, 1925] we never learned of the happening until the 4th as the phone is out most of the time, we got a letter last night from Anona stating they were getting along pretty good all but her Papa he is troubeled more or less all the time with headach & stomachach. Mabel talked with him over the pfon the day she left here & he told her he had to see Kackley right away poor Boy my heart achs for him ...but you know he doesnt say very much. Pa Willard & Ivie are sleeping just now Iv had my rest. I rest & sleep early afternoon...we scrubbed the mud off the walls today what rayned in of lat & Ivie & Sylvia scrubbed all long bevor dinner...”* [Notice that each child in the family is mentioned in this letter to Myrt.] It may be amazing to us that they found time amidst the work to write frequent letters! But, as Joe explains in a letter, *“I just got back from the post office tonite and there wasnt any mail from any of you ladies so ma feels kind of blue.”*

Grandpa William J. writes of business as well as of family life *“...Willard is working on the Road with 4 horsis geting 6.50 Per day. Yes we are furnishing the Road Camp again about like last year. 150 #beef 10# Butter. 5 gal milk. 2 quarts of Cream 3 gal Buttermilk a week. Our cows have Droped in the milk. I guess the flies & heat. the feed is Better than it has been for 15 years. but Our Cheese is Slow Moving no Sale or no Demand. lots of it made in Idaho. We have Our Drying Room Full & 50 at Johnnys & sent to Bear Lake 65 Large to Rich & Shepherds & Some to Largalliers. We are Furnishing Frank K. Ortons Laws & Jensen with Butter & Cheese. Yes Harold Jpsen sent the prettiest Black & white Lamb down for you. We are Raising it & will keep it untill you come home it is Sure a nice lamb. ¶...Louis K Sylvia & Leslie & Children went to Mabels on the 24th al well there....¶...as for work we are doing no more than we aught to doo. I feel sorrie for Ma She has all She Can doo & I am afraid a little more than she can. the Girls Libbie & Sylvia are helping us all they can. [July 27, 1925]*

They express their faith in the Lord and the restored gospel; I think we can conclude it is the foundation of their life and relationships. *“Glad to learn you are ...scattering the Gospel News & Cheering Some Poor lonly Soul that is Starving for the Want of a Conforting Word...”* writes William on July 27, 1925. He writes to daughter Myrtle of his gratitude that she represents his family *“...to spread the News that the Lord Lives & that he has again Spoken from the Heavens in our day....”* He tells her he has a witness of God's blessings when we serve him in these words: *“...now doo not worrie for us. and doo not think that it is a hardship on us to suport you in the mission field. no Dear Girly it is a Privelige & a Blessing to us ...I am sure the Lord will Provide. Turns have Came Our way that Proved too me that things are turned for Our & Your good....”* Grandma's gratitude for and love of

In early 1925, Grandpa William J. was 60 years old, and Grandma Annie was 58. Youngest son Leslie was just going on 15, Joseph was 18, and Willard was 23. Youngest daughter Ivy was 20, and would be married to Alfred Jensen the following year in November of 1926. This was the “Home Team,” although the married children were involved in the work of quilting, canning, cleaning, dairying to one extent or another.

Youngest grandchild Duane Bateman was soon to be two. Three new grandchildren were born during the time covered by the letters: Verlene, Betty, and Blaine. In letters not printed here we find some discussion on what to name Aunt Libby's new baby. Drucilla “sure hope[s] they name her Donna,” and says if they name her “Betty,” Uncle Louis wants to add “Jo” to the name. Libby asks Myrtle to send some more ideas for names. We can conclude the result, as we have a “Betty” that summer, and then a “Donna” later.

the gospel is expressed over and over in life and can be found in her letters. In one letter, she says this: "...I do hope & pray that we may always be able to aknoledg the hand of the Lord in all things & that each & every one may be found worthie at the end of our journey." And again: "...I sure wonder somtimes what would have become of us poor sinners if the Gospel hadent of reached us in the old country & how thankful we aught to be & how we should try & live it better day by day..." [Nov 23, 1925] In another: "Well we are in a New Year again and we have ever so much to be thankful for, for we have been blessed in many different ways in obtaining means in our dayly labors and we've ben proteked from deses and death efent tho we have our ups and downs we have much to be thankful for I do pray the Lord will be minidful of us poor sinners in the future as he has ben in the past...I am truly thankful that my dear Parents always treated the misionaries to the best they had & loved & respected them..." [June 4, 1926]

As you read, remember the way it was —

### ***The Way It Was (1925–1927) ...in their own words***

Alma 37:37 Counsel with the Lord in all thy doings, and he will direct thee for good; yea, when thou liest down at night lie down unto the Lord, that he may watch over you in your sleep; and when thou risest in the morning let thy heart be full of thanks unto God; and if ye do these things, ye shall be lifted up at the last day.

"...can't hardly believe we will soon have a girl five years old. Fler and Nerra have to have their daily half hour visits if they dont they sure miss each other. Well hope they can always be chums." Hilda to Myrtle, 17 Apr 1925 [Parley, Hilda, & Children]

**Bern Ida:** 4-24 1925 **William**  
Dear Myrtle!

...if you get the Blues read Alma 26 Chapter. Practis what you find in Alma 37:35-7 B o M. ...

Ma & all send thanks & Love & kind greeting to you girls. May the Lord Ever Bless you is Our wish & Prayer from Pa

**7/23/25** **Ivy** **Wms Burg**  
Dear Mirt. ... Every one is quite well here. Ma had another attack of appendicitis the other nite and she didn't even wake any of us up. She never quit working but she was awful sore and still is. We hope she won't be hothered any more.

...Bill is down on Tincup working and we are here milking like hell. Joe & him are going to take turns working. ...

**July 28, 1925** **William** **Williamsburg**  
...we sure had a surprise when Benn Drove up to the Correll last night & had Sophie & Children in his car. Some jabering & talking going on...Except Kissis & Huggs & Love from all of us.

**Aug 16 1925** **Annie** **Williamsburg**  
when I write I feel almost as you were near me...

...Pa has an awful headache to day so the girls & the shildren ar at Libbis & it is a littel quiet here we ar sure doing some talking & visiting & Oh for the confusion at times maybe you can about imagine when the Kitchen is slam jam ful & everyone trying to out do the other one, Mabel may leave to day or to morrow Ratio & Cecil went to the round up yesterday & then home Ben came out the other evening stayed with Ratio one night & was going there again last night he is trying to do some [insuring?"] Suff got a letter from Bert this morning & monic to go home on he looks for her next thursday in Salt lake...Louis O. Louis E. left for Soda & Lava this morning to look after some sheepe, Oh yes & Alf came just bevor the roundup & is here yet & for all the Peopel that ar coming & going you cant imagine wev had a great big storm again it started Sun & dident quit till friday evening & Oh Boy for the mud wading it just simply hurt me to see Mabel & Suff wade around in it but nothing els would do. We sure appreciate ther help, Joe has ben working on the road the past two weeks when he could on account of the storm thy had a cloudburst there the other day, to morrow Willard will start again on the road it may not last much longer. ¶Mon 17 I come to a sudden halt because it got dinner time & Pa wok up feeling a bit better to day he feels pretty fair & is talking of mowing hay ¶...Alf Mabel & children are going to leave in a littel

while, well my dear Id like to tell you a whole lot but there is lots of talking going on & I am somewhat confused...Christoverson tooke 25 hundert lbs of Cheese & Louis E in our car 500 lbs to Skags in Pocatello for 21 1/2 Cents per lbs Cheese is in good demand now we just got a letter from Ogden for a ton but that would have to be boxed & a 1/2 cent les don't know what Pa will do about it...

**9/8/25** **Ivy** **Wayan**  
We received your two dear letters...we sent them down to Mabel to read...

Well we are looking for our Salt Lake sports tomorrow sometime, Sylvia, Libbie, Drucilla, Thelma, Verda Mahel & Dorothy decided it was their turn to step so they went to Midvale.

Left Sept 4 and have to be back Sept 8. The O.S.L. [??] gave rates \$4.50 round trip from Montpelier. Some rates. They thought it was good so they just picked up and left. We were glad that they could go because I know Sophie will enjoy their little visit.

We have been rather short handed with the work, but the cows aren't giving much so we get along fine. The little boys and girls have been just fine, not a bit lonsome.

But we have had some more rain for a change. We didn't milk many last nite and we had to leave milking several times this morning. The corrals were quite muddy. But it has cleared off fine and hasn't rained any more tonite so we believe it is over for a few days again. Man but it looked terrible this morning. The fog was way down on the mountains and it looked like it might rain forever.

Bill is down on the road again. ...They sure are tickled to get the work.

Ma went down to Mabel's last week. She said she had a dandy visit only not

long enough. She was just there one nite and part of 2 days. You see Pa wasn't able to go down so she couldn't be persuaded to stay any longer.

I guess Mabel will leave for Malad Sept 12. She sure hates to go hut the boys must be in school. I sure am glad she decided to go to Midvale. She has wanted to go there so long. You can almost imagine how Sophie looked when all those ladies made their appearance at the home. I suppose just a little was said and done those two days while they were there. Oh I am so glad they could go. Nite nity Love Ivy.

"...Pa wasn't able to go down so she couldn't be persuaded to stay..."



9/14/25 Annie Williamsburg  
Monday, Sep 14 1925

My Dear Daughter

...The folks have been doing some chokecherrying Friday & Sat...we've made thirteen quarts of lovely jellie with a few krabappel with it wished we could just give you a quart my dear. Pa Sylvia, Ivie & the older littel girls went again this afternoon. I am home baking bread & preparing Supper for the crowd. -- here they are as the storm has drove them home it ceartunly looks awful stormy again but they brought lovely berries again. ... Louis E. & Libbie left for Ogden with 26 hundert lbs of cheese to the same house that we sold hevior I sure hope it will proof satisfactory ...Louis K. went to Soda after them as they have to leave the truck in Soda the children are with us at home they are not a bit lonesome. Ben is here for a few days he's been helping us milk

*"...if one was sick the others would all pitch in & helpe."*

...well its getting to look awful fall like but I sure hope we'll be abel to milke an other month yet it seems like this summer has gone so fast we have ceartainly ben blessed in our labors in spite of the many setbacks we've had but you know everybody has ben willing to helpe if one was sick the others would all pitch in & helpe.

...Tues Sep. 15...Ben brought the mail and with it an ever welcome letter & Picture from you. Well Myrt we read every word...Glen sat for the longest while and looked at the Picture & this morning he come & told me he dreamed you came home but I told him it would yet be a long while I'd rather not think of it, so he said its a good thing the years are getting shorter, so you see how he looks at it....

9/19/25 Myrtle Sacramento  
Sept 19, 1925

Dear Ones all at home

...When I read about the choke cherrying, I just wanted to put on my overalls & go to. Yes I believe I would be willing to stand for two hours and cook jelly just to taste it. Member how I sometimes hated to make it? ha.ha.

...dear old Glen, couldn't I love him for saying those few little words, such things are more precious to me than wealth or fame. I told the Elders how he said he was glad the years were getting shorter...

Sept. 22, 1925 Joe to Myrtle Billiesburg Idaho



Joseph

Ma talked me into the notion of writing so here goes. Please excuse as this is the second time I have written or tried to write to you. I will try to do better in the future than in the pasture ha ha. We are all well at the present and hope you are the same. I just got back from the post office tonite and there wasnt any mail from any of you ladies so ma feels kind of blue. Tonite we didn't milk the corral is pretty muddy. It has been raining for two or three days and Mon it tried to snow the old Caribo was snow white this Morn. but I believe it is going to be nice again for a while. Bill is still working on the road and we will have to get the road camp a load of hay from [??] Sampsons place tomorrow. Sunday Louis Eschler Louis Kunz & Ivy took the 3 girls in to school Libbies are

staying at Aunt Nellie Schmid and Drucilla is at Robert Kunz the girls are going to milk a while longer if possible.

Oh, and Alf came out with them today. I guess he will camp a while. Well it is looking like fall again all the sheep have pulled off the reserve and not much doing here, a little lonesome. I don't know just when we will move, I guess not for a while yet. Oh say Less & I have been playing Sam Kunz a little we have caught three [big rats] up to now. Well there isnt much news here. Wish I knew some. I'll write more next time. As ever Joe [a PS on the back of letter: "Go take a Swim in the ocean for me. I need it. Its too cold to bath here."]

Sun Oct 11, 1925 Annie to Myrtle:

"...Well my dear Girl, our job is about over with it has ben quite strenuous but we were abel to rest some every afternoon & we had lots of comfort of being to gether in pease & plenty its ceartainly ben lonsome sinse the Girls & their families left & the way I understand they feel quite lonsome in there too...I am glad for everyone that had the Privilege [of hearing "conferenz" reports]. we will try & read the sermons later...Uncle Johnis left yesterday with all their belongings I think about Friday will be leaving if the storm will permitt.

Monday the 12 1925

Joe is going to the

P.O....a bit

disapointed on

account of the storm

yesterday afternoon

it lightend & thunderd hailed raind & snowed & then

raind again the biggest part of the night it was pretty hard

work to milk this morning but now we turned cows &

calfs together & no doubt the last cheese is being made to

day the milke of three days but they expect to make 6

large & 3 smal I am sure sorry we have to quit but so it is.

Ivie and Louis are doing the dinner dishes we had a Roast

Potatos, carrots & Cabbage we enjoyed it very much...

Pa just now said I'm tickeld to think I dont have to go in

the old corral anymore this fall & we are all one with him.

Ivie talked with Ben & Libbie yesterday...its ceartainly

good that those women & children are away from here.

Well Myrt I wished I could write a better letter but you

keepe on writing & overlook all my foolishness. May

God blesse you my dear Girl & help you do whats right &

may he also helpe us so we may stand true & faithful at

all times.

Lovingly your mother Father Brothers & Sister

October 24, 1925 Ivy Bern Idaho

Yes we are here once more and it seems pretty good too.

The weather wasn't so bad tho last Fri when Willard left

the dairies with the cows [294 cows] it started snowing

and acting terrible just a real old blizzard. but it cleared

off again in the evening and the next day was really a

lovely day. The teams left Sat. morning and we left in the

car. Joe, Less, Louis K & Delphin drove the teams and

Bill and Louis E. were with the cows. They had a fine trip

in never lost any cattle and everything is delivered and it

makes it very nice.... We haven't started to Kalsomine

yet. I think tho that we will try and do it next week. The

girls said they would come and help us so we will gladly

accept and then help them in turn... Leslie is a hired man

now and he is rather tickled. He is plowing for Harry gets

2.00 a day. He thinks he is quite a man. I am glad for him

because he can make use of it and it keeps him out of

mischief.

...Oh, I forgot to tell you. We have got new curtains for

the house and drapes for the bedroom, quite cute I think

In 1925 there were 613,572 members of the church in 94 stakes and 28 missions. Myrtle was one of 1,313 missionaries set apart that year. This was the largest number of missionaries set apart in one year until 1946, when over 2000 were set apart. She was set apart by Apostle Orson F. Whitney.

*"...& we had lots of comfort of being to gether in pease & plenty..."*

*"May God blesse you ... & help you do whats right & may he also helpe us so we may stand true & faithful at all times..."*

and we are going to try and get linoleum for the kitchen. It will make it so much nicer and easier to keep clean....

**Oct 29, 1925 William Bern Idaho**  
... We have moved once more and all went well... we are all settled down for the winter... the mountains are White with snow down to the foothills... we have nearly sold all our Cheese & Beef... Ma has made \$5.00 worth of Butter since we came here... The boys are harvesting our big crop of weeds...

... We got a letter from Sophie. June has the Chicken Pox & She is Weening Dwain. he said Darn Hell Cant have tidy anymore. Loa Prayed for us when we was moving that Our feet would not get Cold & that the Cows would not Beller So Grandpa would not get the head ache & that the Lord Should tell us they would Come up to See her Folks at the Dairys.

... Mabel is doing a Land Office Business with her teachers... she made 80.00 in One Month... Ben is working at the Ice house for a few days

**Nov 23, 1925 Annie Bern Idaho**  
... I sure wonder sometimes what would have become of us poor sinners if the Gospel hadent of reached us in the old country & how thankful we aught to be & how we should try & live it better day by day... Josefp & Les left Friday morning for Midval thyl be home again to night. Les fell in Uncl Johnies cellar thursday night hurt himself pretty bad but went to a show anyway yet I sure hope he didnt have any bad results so as to spoil his long looked for tripe & visit you know hes never ben on a train bevor now... we ceartanly appreciat the box with all the good things in it... the nuts & candy Oh my but they wer good we are saving those in the bottel for the Christmass cake... many thanks for every thing God blesse you for your kind & tender feelings for us all... say but when you wrote about picking grapes along the road how I could place myself hake in the old country walking along & sniping a few bunches every now & then fall was always a wonderful time for me in the old country where there

*"...fall was always a wonderful time for me in the old country*

*... but not that I wish myself bake Oh no not once ..."*

was so much fruit but not that I wish myself bake Oh no not once ...

... Glen & Max stayed with us from Friday evening till yesterday morning they sure like to stay with us & they ar

always so good when thy are here. After meeting the Girls & the children came out & we had supper together & had a nice evening. Ben & his folks ar all well he is still working at the Iceplant... Uncl Rob gave us a young rooster for you so I roasted it yesterday hope & trust it will taste all right will send it off this morning Roseana sends you a bottel of jellie & I tried to make a cake for you & Sylvia put on the dressing now I hope it will reach you allright and youll be abel to enjoy it... Lovingly your mother father Brothers & sisters.

**Dec 10, 1925 Ivy to Myrtle:**  
"... Yes Myrt I agree with you that you have changed. Sitting in a meeting for 4 hours and enjoying it. Ha Ha. Member how we used to want to send some one home for a lunch when we would have an extra long sacrament meeting? huh??? ... Our City Lads arrived home fine. Leslie's hip didn't bother him very much tho I guess it was pretty painful the day they went down. The folks

were just fine and mighty tickled to see the boys. They sure did take in the sights while they were there. And now they tell some of Duanes little tricks every once in a while. He must be some lad. I wish we could see them once more.

... the Boys wouldnt take me to the show tonite Dang it... Bill would go up and whisper in Ma's car and say "you know, she can't go or she will be Ka'fluey again tomorrow." They sure are crazy, a real circus when they get started. So Pa is reading. Ma is spinning & I'm writing and eating pop corn. Want some? Alright.

*"Bill would go up and whisper in Ma's ear..."*

**1926 1/19/26 Annie Bern**  
... I know it makes anyone feel good when we can help someone in need.

... this afternoon will go [to Belva's] to mend and iron. ... our summer has finally turned into winter snow. It started to snow and yesterday we had a real old Bear Lake flizzard & it doesnt look very good this morning... well I can't think of any more to write except scribbling and bad spelling. May God blesse you my dear with every needed blessing is always the sincere wish from your loving mother...

*"...I know it makes anyone feel good when we can help someone in need."*

**March 15-26 William Bern Idaho**  
Dear Myrtle!

... We got home from Logan [attended a funeral] We came home Saterdag the 13th. Started at 9 am & got home 11:30 pm by way of McCammon & Bancroft but Oh the Roads they were bad worse coming home than going. Mud. Mud. Mud. We were stuck in mud 1 1/2 hours while Ben walked 2 1/2 miles & got a team too pull us out.

... We had quarterly Conference Apostel George Albert was in attendance gave us good wholesome council and Advice... we had a great treat.

... Now Dear Girly... we read [your letters] with joy & gladness & many thanks for the

*"...I will do more for the hapiness of the family..."*

Lovely Birthday Card & the Lovely Trihute given me it is more than I Deserve & I have done no more than A Christian Aught to doo. Only Sorrie for the mistakes I have made in Life & did not give more attention to the Other & Older Children, but if I can have the Chance in the future to Show my Repenance I will assure you I will do more for the hapiness of the Family... with Bushels of Love from us all We Remain as Ever ...

*William Bern Idaho  
Pa & Ma.*

**May 3d-26 William Bern Idaho**  
Dear Myrtle!

Well the boys Willard & Less [left] for Dingle after cows this morning and we are getting ready for the Move again. The wether is nice Over head & all are in good health. I still have a little Pain in my hips & side where I



Duane Bateman with Grandpa, 20 Jan 1925



Young Leslie



wrenched myself 2 weeks ago, but I am nearly over it. Our sheeps are doing fine lots of good fresh feed makes them look better. We now have over 100 Lambs, the little Nannie Goat had 2 nice Kidds & doing fine. Joseph is hearing the Sheep & helping with the Chores. We have 14 Pigs - 9 pet Lambs to feed 3 times a day & Other Chores too look After.

Ben has been working on the Road & is going again today & to Morrow if he can Stand it but he is a full weak yet & lame in his legs but is gradually getting better but slow. Ratio is at the Dredge Ranch for a while too help & show [????] man how to Harness & hitch up a horse & how to Plan & doo Farm work as he never done any of it before.

...I can hardly sence the condishion that you Dear Girly can stand on a street corner or curbing & Preetch to a moving Crowd of People—I would like to Stand in the Crowd onobserved & listen to you....

...Now Dear Girl doo not Fret & Worrie for us we will be alright. The Boys will take the Cattle & teams out & Ma, Ivie & I will go by Car. I understand the Roads are fine.

**Monday morning May the 17th Annie Bern**  
My Dear Girlie,

Well today we are going to set sail for the dairies if all goes the way we've got it out lined and the devil wont have any objections. Oniel will take Sylvia Drussa & Deltha. Pa & I & Ivie & I think Louis E. is also coming. The Boys got out there all O.K. last night Uncle Johnie called and let us know I guess we've told you Glen had the Buggy team to drive out there some young driver.

*"It was just splendat  
the way the littel  
deken took part.  
Gorden was the first  
...."*

We went to meeting and S.S. yesterday in the afternoon. It was Aaronic Priesthood meeting and I thoroly enjoyed it. It was just splendat the

way the littel deken took part. Gorden was the first one to give Josephs first vision and so on. I am afraid I'll miss meetings more this summer than ever bevoor....Pa I Sylvia & Ivie & Alf all went [to visit in St. Charles] we did want Libbie to go with us *aber nee*... [the children had had teeth pulled & were not well!]

**May 20-26 William Williamsburg**  
Dear Myrtle:

...I will drop a line to let you know how we got out here. The boys left Bern on the 14 with the cows got here Sunday Eve 16. All O.K. Glenn drove the Bugie all the way out. We left Bern on the 17 & got to the Dairy by 3:30. All O.K. Ivie drove our carr & Oniel took Sylvia & Children....all well except Ben he is still sufering with rumatics his hands swell up and he is in Pain all the time. He went back to Bern to get his carr & things that he will need out here as he has taken a job from Quail to put up something like 3 miles of Fence....we are milking about 65 cows Sylvie is milking 8. So you see we are not overdoing ourself. We could not get more cows. Last year we milked 145 or 150 Quite a difference—Yesterday we made our first batge of cheese 73# & today we have a littel more.... We had some Thunder & Lightning storm last night & rained like everything but today it is cloudy and cold, but a full wind a blowing...we are all well & glad we are out hear again. The feed is fine & what cows we have will give lots of milk....there are some things I

am forgetting as Joseph is in a hurrie to go too  
Wayan...Your Father Wm J Kunz

**May 21, 1926 Drucilla Wayan, Idaho**  
Dear Aunt Myrtle

...We left Bern Monday. Ivy drove Grandpas car and Oneal drove us out. Glen and dady came a few days before with the loads. Glen drove the buggy out all the way.

We got out here all right the road was a little rough between Uncle Johnies and here. Grandma and Mama say that there was the best mess here they had ever found. We got here at three thirty.

We are all straightened so is the drying room and dairy. The folkes got the bedroom kalsamined this fornoon and scrubbed I don't think they will do the kitchen. We ate dinner at Grandma's.

...The folkes

started making cheese on the 19th but today they are not making any. A big black lamb of Deltha's died and me Less & Glen heried it down by the old garden Grandpa and us have still got fourteen.

Its sure nice to look around here with the spy glasses. We can see Quails and Agusts just as plain and the peak.

Those wild flowers are what Williamsburg offers us. Ha Ha. [two little yellow 70-year-old flowers pressed in pages of letter!]

...Aunt Libbies might not come out this summer it was like a funeral when we left there. Everything is the same out here. It's sure lonesome...we usually have a few pretty good times any way out here if it wouldnt be so darn far from knowhere....Glen and Deltha are playing in the mud as usual. ...Everyone says to tell you hello. With love from your Niece, Drucilla

P.S. They are calcimining the kitchen today.

**6/28/26 Annie Williamsburg**  
My Dear Daughter

(Les wishes to thank you & will try & write sometime, but it is hard for him to settle down that long)

...I must scribbel a few lines to you now I have been very lazie and neglectful in writing of letters, haven't written a line to anyone since Ivie left for Bern some three weeks ago. I simply left it all to her therefore I beg pardon.

...Thelma has been here for a few days, but went home Sat. with Ben. Also Louis Aunt Kaddie visited with us till Sat. Then she went to Uncle Johnnies we sure had a dandy fine visit with her. I tell you she is some entertainer and quite energetic for her age she washed our dishes mornings and evenings and baked bread when necessary. Remember, she'll be 79 on the 20th of September. She has such a wonderful memory you would be surprised to listen to her, she thinks you write wonderful letters. She is getting very anxious to go to Bern to see all of her kin especially her Brother Roh. George Kunz got hurt pretty badly Sat. He had a runaway with a team & hay rake. He was picked up unconscious one of the teeth tore a big gash in his mouth. The Doctor had to put in 6 stiches and he is otherwise badly bruised up but is reported a littel better this morning. I went over to the station this morning & talked with Libbie and Ben. They are all well yet, but are exposed to measles and mumps. Libbie is

May 17, 1926  
[from Sophie]  
...Bert hasent his teeth yet ...his mouth is awful soar So it will be some time before he can get his other Teeth. I'm sure anxious for him to have them. Pa says his are in a cup in the cabenet most of the time It must be an awful thing to get used to.

May 16 [from June] ...Mamma is curling her hair to keep it out of her eyes. Loa Ruth and I went to Sunday School...."



Gordon Kunz  
a "littel deken"



awfully worried for Max especially [???]. I do hope they'll escape it. Ben would have brought his folks out to day if it wasent for the exposure. We are having awful hot & dry weather the last week & still is, the horse flies and mosquitoes are terribel bad and [milk??] dropped about a third. We only had a fier yesterday while we cooked breakfast, but this forenoon I had bread to bake, so it is pretty warm just now. ... stay well and happie. Best love and wishes from us all. Write when you can.

Lovingly Mother, father, Brothers & Sisters.

7/12/26 Willard Wayan

Dear Sister Myrtle:

...Ma went to Bern a couple of days ago. Joe and Les took her in and came out the same day in time for milking. Maybe I forgot the most important part of this letter; Libby has a baby girl! They say it is just a little midget, it weighed six and a half pounds. Ma went in to help them for a few days. We haven't so much to do right now so we can spare her nicely as they couldn't get a girl in there.

*"We will have to do better in the future than we have in the pasture. ha!..."*

...We haven't had any kind of excitement here since we came out. They have had one dance in Wayan, but we did not attend.

We will have to do better in the future than we have in the pasture. ha! ...the cows have nearly gone dry (?).

The flies have been bad though and we are short a couple of small cheese on account of it, and besides we haven't enough feed for our hogs, we had to take six of them down to Uncle Johnny's place. A man came along the other day and offered Pa \$60.00 for those four pigs that he raised on the bottle last winter, but he didn't take as they only weigh about 130 pounds yet.

Ben is almost through with his fencing job. I believe he has done pretty good at it, for the time he has spent. He has put up about three miles of fence nearly along since we came out. He gets twenty-five cents a rod....

Your loving brother, Bill

7/10/26 Annie Bern  
My Dear Ones

Just a line to say that I am here with Libbie and the folks. We left the Dairies Wed stoped in Georgetown a few minutes & went to Montpetier, done some shopping got to Bern 2 a cloke had some dinner & Joe and Less left a few minutes after 3 to get home in time to eat supper and helpe with the milking. that's going some eh? The folks were all well when I left hope & praye they'll stay that way, all are doing well here. Max is improving nicely and Libbie and Baby are just doing fine. The Baby is the smallest one she's ever had with clothes [on] 5 1/2 lbs. But poor Libbie had an awful time of it for 4 hours...they had instruments ready but finally after an other hypo and administering it went natural for which we are mightie thankful. Poor Suff has had an other blow. Maybe you heard that littel Ruthie broke her arm sometime last week. She must have suffered terribel, but last reports were was resting fine. altho she has the measles too. It looks like it never rains but what it poors for some People,

...Tuesday evening who should come to our place but Johnie Bishoff, his wife & their two youngest children, a girl 15 and a boy 20 bright & intelligent children too & Oh we certainly had a dandy visit. You know how I enjoy a visit with old friends. It is so nice to meet them after many years of separation. Last night Sister Jensen & Alf paid us a littel visit they expect Brother Jensen home in 10 days then she said he'd have to stay home & she would go visiting. She is a fine woman. Rhoda and Sister Clarke came to see also yesterday. They put up 57 quarts of fruit at Mamie's in a few hours. I asked about Brother Clark and she said he got home night bevor last but the house was locked and he simply went into a [tent?] bed so they never saw him (till morning. Quite a reception believe I would have left the latch string on the outside if I would have expected my old huby [? yes, the word looks like "huby"] Well enough [???] & there is work awaiting so good by my dear hope you are well & happie best love & wishes from all here. Ma

7/15/26 William Midle Dairy Idaho  
Dear Myrtle!

Acording to Promise I will try & Cribel a few lines. we are all well....Our cows are dropping in there milk on account of the Flies Oh they are bad. I just Sold Our 4 Bottle Pigs we wrote you in the winter for \$80.00. Pretty good [wasn't] it. We think so. We Still have the Old Sow & her 9 small Pigs. She had in March. They are growing fast too. About all we can feed at present if the cows keep going down we will be short of Pig feed.

Our feed is drying out fast & we are not geting very much rain Rather fall like—& yet it could be worse so we will be thankfull for what we are geting & what we have. We butchered one of our little kiddie goats yesterday to have a treet the first goat meat I have had for 54 years.—

We sure all injoyed it fine. We still have another one for thanks giving day. I wish we could have given you a fill of it. We sure have lots of Bears all around here. They kild 3 big fat sheep for Frank & 3 for Louis Eschler Night befor last. Some Bear Country ha.

Willard is mowing hay. I guess they will be hauling tomorrow, if all is well. Sylvia is still milking cows Louis K & Frank went to Blackfoot City

We talk to Libbie & Bens every day as we have the Phone handy over at the Station. They are all fine Libbie exspects to come out in a week or so to stay a month or 6 weeks. Oh a big celebration at Freedom on the 24. for all of Star Valley Grays Lake Soda Springs & cerounding country. Some wild time. ...

...doo not skrimp to mutch we want you to have plenty too eat & wear ... we don't want you too go hungry.

We had a visit from the Old Indian & Squaw Jack Anderson. They stayed a day & a half. Now I can't think of more. We all wish you well as you doo for us too.

Except our love and Kisses & Hugs. & Stay well & don't over doo yourself Aspecialy by this heat. Take it Slow & mind your health. Lovingly From Father.

...From Bill:  
...Sam Miller and his family brought Aunt Kafe Chivers up to the place the other day. He and his family went back the next day but Aunt Kaddy stayed with us for a whole week. She is quite an entertainer. We enjoyed her visit a great deal. I didn't think she was as interesting as she is. She's a great talker, and real spry for an old girl like she is. I beheve about 79 years, and when Ed Jensen asked her what she thought about this world and told her he thought she would live quite a while yet, she told him she wasn't tired of life and that this was the best world she knew anything about. She's real witty.



"Bill"

7/19/26

Willard

Williamsburg

Dear Myrtle:

I suppose you think I have been too busy to write, and you thought right if you did, because we have surely been doing things since the last time I wrote...

...We had [the drying room] chuck plum full the other day. We paraffined about 190 big cheese; I should say I did the work the others just carried them to me and then back. Ha!

Uncle Johnny just bot himself a new Dodge car the other day in Montpelier, it is sure a good one. I just wish we had one like it, boy it goes nice.

...Ben came out night before last and went back yesterday with his car full of cheese, Louis Kunz went in with him they took in 41 big cheese and a few little ones, and we still have plenty to handle here besides 50 at Uncles' place...

...The boys got back from putting up the hay the other day maybe you didn't know that Joe went in to help Less, because Ben didn't feel well enough to help him. They got 20 loads of hay. I suppose you heard that Less got in a little automobile accident the night of the fourth, with Abel's ford, and smashed it up pretty badly but no one was hurt. It cost the boys each \$7.50 to fix the car up, besides hiring it.

We have been to one shin dig down to Wayan this year, and it goes just the same. ...The folks say to tell you hello. Your loving Bro. Bill

Aug. 18, 1926

Ivy

Wayan

...Everyone here is fine...we have had quite a bit of company of late. Hazel & Lucy and their men & Kiddies were out...They went up to the upper dairy and looked things over. Pa & Ma & Uncle Johnnie went with them and I guess it looked quite queer to see everything run down and not a soul there. ¶ We are having October weather...the clouds are hanging low and the Caribou has a cap on it just like in the fall before a big snow storm. ¶ Well we have been to the round up once more and really I am glad its over with. We went all three days and nites and just had a wonderful time & left the work for Pa & Ma. Oh we managed to get home & milk in the mornings and do the scalding and then we would beat it...we took our lunch and we would have supper between the sports and dances and play the games & everything. I never got any Kupties this year, just candy & candy & other little dinkies. If you don't think we were a blearey eyed bunch. Red eyes & weary legs. We've just laid around ever since. Last nite Less & Willard got ambitious and started for Thayne but the car refused about half way down Tincup so they come back home. The poor guys they didn't know what to say. But I guess they will live thru it and try another time. ¶ Bill is going to take a car load of cheese into Bear Lake tomorrow. If the weather is so he can. ¶ We got a letter from Sophie Mon. The poor thing sure feels terrible that she couldn't come home. ...She sent a five dollar bill for you so it will come with your next check. ...I was getting ready to go to Soda to meet them when they phoned and said she wasn't coming. Alf & I were going in. You know the folks have adopted him. Ha! Ha! He went home this morning to visit his folks for a while. Tee! hee! He said to tell you hello when I wrote. ¶ Say Leslie said to tell you thanks for the Birthday

present you sent him. He said maybe he would write or else wait until you came home....

August 25 1926

Annie

Laneskreek

My Dear Daughter Myrtle. ... Recieved your ever welcome letter & Picture a few days ago we are very much pleased with the Picture altho you have sartanly changed very much dont know wether its all du to the Glasses Leslie says no Mission for him if that brings that big a change...

...don't think that we are working very hard our milking dont amount to very much enymore we are only making about 65 lbs of

cheese per day this has realy ben my easiest time for all the many years wev come out here altho I am doing quite a bit of cooking in my way as we are seldom without visitors only Mahel & Suff cant come ... may God ever watch over you my dear...good by lovingly Mother.

*"...my easiest time for all the many years wev come out here"*

1/31/27 Annie Bern Idaho

...I attended Priesthood meeting Sat we had the Theologe Lesson & the Literarie lesson given & Oh so wonderful I only wished all the Sisters could have taken it in it was great...I trust this will find you enjoying Pease & plenty health & strength...lovingly mother & the whole bunch...

*"...we all miss Ivie when she goes espesially the Boys..."*

...now Dear Myrtle...I must tell you we all miss Ivie when she goes espesially the Boys you know they help me with the worke

considerahel Pa & them so the other day they all spoke up & said it was about time for Myrt to come home as we are in need of a dish wiper ha what do you say you know they talke lots espesially Less...

2/16/27

Annie

Bern Idaho

My Dear Myrtle...even tho you had to part with near & dear friends again ...it looks like this life is made up of partings ups & downs & dissapoinments of all kinds & I believe each one thinks his or her burden is the heaviest one, but I do hope & pray that we may always be able to aknoledg the hand of the Lord in all things & that each & every one may be found worthie at the end of our journey.

*"...I do hope & pray that we may always be able to aknoledg the hand of the Lord in all things & that each & every one may be found worthie at the end of our journey."*

You know Aunt Sophie [William's Aunt and step-mother] used to think parting with dear friends was one of her worst trials. I often have to think of the dear good soul & espesially when you first left us & even that I over come altho it took a long while

...We got your box of clothing OK...put it in your big trunk to wait your arival...I am glad you have made up your mind to go thru the Tempel which will also prove a blessing to you. I thinke Uncle Rob will send you the name of my dear mothers Sister, she rejected the Gospel

Ivy and Alf were by now married [3 Nov 1926 in the Logan Temple]



Note "Sesquicentennial" 1776-1926



in this life but she may see different by now She's been dead for a good many years.

Got letters from " ...even littel Theda  
Mabel & Suff sang I am at peace  
Libbie has with the world..."  
neuraalgic & her  
Baby has a cold

poor littel Betty Sylvias are well her Blaine is growing to  
beat the band Bens folks are well...Ivie has been here  
with me for 10 days...Alf came & joynd us we had a real  
enjoyabel time [a Relief Society party] we served  
sandwiches fruit salad sweet pickles Ice cream & Cake  
had a dandy program some games & dance afterwards  
even littel Theda sang I am at peace with the world...it  
was great & lots of other good parts.

Well to day is Sylvias birth day 35 years old [2/16/27]  
when I think of how old some of my children are getting  
then I realize that I am too getting old...We had a regular  
old Bear Lake blizzrd...but in spite of all that Joe Delmar

& Delfin went to Paris after their Girls & then Less had to  
go with the bunch after the dance they didnt get in till  
after four oclock the roads were so bad. ...Stay well, Parly  
gave me 5 Dollars last night for you...God bless you &  
peace be with you lovingly mother & all

2/22/27 William Bern Idaho  
Dear Myrtle! ...we received the good news that you got  
an honorable relees from your Missionary Labors....We  
are all jubelent over your home coming...you aught to  
have heard the children. Oh Myrtle is coming  
home...Hope you will have a good visit with Bert &  
Sophie & kiddis, as well with Ratio & Mabel & Children,  
then of course we will be long and anxious hy that time...

With Berthel of Lane  
Father



Grandpa's  
indelible pencil

"Give her of the  
fruit of her hands;  
and let her own  
works praise her  
in the gates."

Their lives demonstrated the qualities that build a solid family life. Showing an understanding of parenting that predates the best parenting counsel from today's experts, Grandma Annie wrote to Myrtle: "...it would be to bad if you couldnt tell father & mother how you feel & we are ceartainly one with you we would like to share your joyes & pleasures as well as should you have disapointments which come to all of us at times..." [Williamsburg, August 27, 1925] From one view, Williamsburg looks like WORK WORK WORK MUD MUD MUD. But there is another view. Of the Williamsburg years, Vera Kunz Knutti wrote: "It was always a happy and pleasant experience to move to the dairies. I don't know why because there was a lot of work involved..." Drucilla wrote: "...we usually have a few pretty good times any way out here if it wouldnt be so darn far from knowhere..." Grandma Annie wrote: "...we are only making about 65 lbs of cheese per day this has realy ben my easiest time for all the many years we've come out here altho I am doing quite a bit of cooking in my way as we are seldom without visitors...;" and again [12 October 1925]: "...our job is about over with; it has ben quite strenious, but we were abel to rest some every afternoon & we had lots of comfort of being to gether in peace & plenty. It's ceartainly ben lonsome since the Girls & their families left...Pa just now said I am tickeld to think I dont have to go in that old correl anymore this fall & we ar all one with him."

Is it only those of us who did not really "live" and "work" there that have fond "memories" of those days? It is true that in retrospect, the "romance" of the Williamsburg life—removed from us today by distance and time—may blur the reality of the tired aching muscles and hands, sore backs, muddy corrals, flies, mosquitos, the sweat, the smell of cows, milk, the dairy and cheese making, and yes—the manure. With Grandpa, we can be "tickled" not to go in "that old correl anymore." For those who lived it, there were the unexpected "wild flowers"—the honest labor, a closeness unexceeded, family togetherness, the swimming hole, dances, the round up—fun and good times. We may well come away with Grandma Annie's summary statement of that summer long ago: "...we had lots of comfort of being together in peace and plenty." Perhaps that's our "take home" thought.

"...we had lots of  
comfort of being to  
gether in Peace &  
Plenty..."

### In sickness and in health...

It has been said that "most of the work in the world is done by people who aren't feeling very well."<sup>77</sup> That appears to be an almost universal truth—the family life of William and Annie not excluded. Indeed, their family and contemporaries were well acquainted with sickness and disease—from colds, flu, mumps and other childhood diseases—to accidents, "Rheumatics," stomach problems, nervous condition, headaches, back pain, food poisoning, appendicitis, kidney stones, gall stones, and deadly typhoid and diphtheria. William J. and daughter Ivy particularly suffered from headaches that could last for days. Ben struggled with poor health, also. A description of William John Kunz in the *L.D.S. Family Record Book* kept by John Kunz III is of interest to us: Vocation — "Dairyman & Stock-raiser"; Height—5 ft. 8 in. ; Weight—160;

Chest Size—40; Color of Eyes—Blue; Color of Hair—Blond, [really? was he blond?]; Specially interested in—"Raising a good & honorable family," and that he had migrated from "Switzerland to Land of Zion 4 July 1873." Of present interest is this comment: "General Condition of Health—Very Poorly." [page 40] This last statement could be somewhat surprising to us if we were to look only at his longevity—87 years and 1 day. However, many corroborating references have been made regarding his health concerns. One such reference comes in a letter written by Ivy on April 23, 1926:

...Pa has had a pretty bad sick spell since Tuesday nite. He plowed a few rounds Tue afternoon & he hit a rock that jarred him up pretty badly. But he felt fine until 10:30 that nite. Then he started with a terrible pain above his right hip & from there both ways. He was just in awful agony all nite. I guess its the worst pain there is. So we called the Dr. Wed morning. He said that the jar had started a tiny kidney gravel down a tube & it was cutting as it went. Well he was just nearly wild so he gave him a hypo so he could sleep. He said there was not danger only the suffering until the gravel would work out & just as soon as the morphine works off, he just nearly goes wild with pain. So we have called the Dr. each time. He was over again last nite about 7:30 and he slept until 3:00 now he woke up & says the pain is gone only the soreness is left. We feel thankful that it went thru as soon as it did because the Dr. said they have taken as high as a week. But these have been three terrible days and nites. But Oh how good it seems to see him with out pain once more. You can surely tell that he has suffered lots of pain & he is so nervous he just can't hardly hold still. But how much better he does feel now. He is asking about the sheep and talking about everything...what a difference in a home where all is well or where there is one just moaning and hollering with the most agonizing pain and you know there isn't a thing to be done. The Dr. said it was much worse than gall stones. But we feel so good to think he can lie still now & not be throwing himself with that awful pain. ...¶Ben is getting better and is gaining a little strength and ...Joe is lots better with his rheumatism, too. Oh Joe said to tell you we are going to start gathering cows on May 3rd. Want to Help? It won't be much longer now until we will be leaving again. It kinda worries me until we will be moved in again. We still have 4 quilts to make. I sure wish they were done and then we have some sewing to do too. ¶I must quit and help get breakfast....

In another letter written about a month earlier, Ivy vividly describes this harrowing episode of food poisoning:

Bern, 30 March 1926. Just a few lines to...tell you that we are very thankful that we still have our dear Mother with us. She has had another of those terrible ptomaine poison spells. It was much worse than any she has ever had. She ate some meat yesterday for dinner and it wasn't long after that she felt pain.... But she never said a word until after 5 o'clock when her hands went cold and stiff and [she] had a terrible diarrhea. The Boys had no more than gone to priesthood meeting when she went into a convulsion. Les was in bed sick & Pa & I were here alone. Well, we were wild. She couldn't come to. So Pa administered to her & then she began to breathe again. We called Uncle Johnnie, & the Boys & Girls & Ben & Aunt Emma & Uncle August Because we didn't think she would last much longer. She would come out of one convulsion & go into another, & just kept getting worse. So about 10 we called Ashley: He came & injected Morphine in her arm & it seemed she suffered worse from then on until about 3:00. Oh, Myrtle, how she did suffer. Her poor old face is so drawn & cold. But we are so thankful that she is the way she is this morning. She can take a little Buttermilk now & it will stay down & Oh My, how she did vomit. ¶Her jaws were locked & she was vomiting & strangling and Ben just had to pry her mouth open & help her or she would have choked. ¶But she says she is feeling so much better this morning & I think with plenty of rest & care she will get along fine. But it will take a long time. She is so weak. ¶But we are glad that our prayers were answered and that she is still with us because we would be such a helpless poor bunch without her. ...Ma said to tell you we would inform you often...Aunt Emma is here now. The Girls were here until 3:00. So we have plenty of help. ...Uncle Rob was poisoned Sat nite. ...he was about as bad as Ma.¶Oh Myrtle there could be such a different picture here today instead we are thankful & feel that we are Blessed....

Six days later, William J. wrote to Myrtle: We are all well at home very thankful that Ma was spared again for Our Sake. I thot She had packed her Gripe for Good & it looked that way to all. Dr. Ashley told Bienzis that Ma had a Close Call. They have a boy at the Beinz home. Ma is feeling prety good again but aful week yet, but Poor Ben is Sick in Bed with Rheumatism sufering intens Pain first hear and then there Mainly in his legs & hips. he has been that way for 5 or 6 days. Ivie was up with him Sunday night & Earl was ther last night. he thinks he is alittle better this Morning, but very week....we will all exersize our faith & Prayer for him...



These are but two accounts relating to illness and health. We can, however, begin to see why Dr. Reed J. Rich said to Willard: "If a member of the Kunz family is sick, they are all affected...." The rest of his statement: "If a member of the Rich family is sick, no one gives a d-darn!" in the very least points out his opinion of the closeness he observed in that family. They were a close family—in sickness as well as in health.

Joseph and Ethel  
Poulsen were  
married 3 Jul 1933;  
Willard and  
Lorena Parker  
were married 17  
Feb 1936; Leslie  
and Lillian  
Poulsen were  
married 32 Dec  
1936.

\*\*Ben's daughter  
Merna was on a  
mission at the  
time of her  
father's death, and  
missed attending  
his funeral.

William and Annie "retired" from cheese-making in the year 1933. They sold the Williamsburg property to their son-in-law, Louis Eschler, who continued using it for grazing purposes. All of their children were now married, except "The Boys." Joseph was married that summer of 1933, Willard and Les were married in 1936.\* However, Myrtle, divorced in 1936, returned with her two children to live with her parents until 1940.

Each family settled to its own pursuits. But the bonds forged in those years of living together, working together—quilting, milking, canning, cooking, cleaning, sharing each other's concerns and burdens, only strengthened as time went on. After retiring, William J. kept on farming, milking cows, and raising poultry and hogs at his home in Bern. Both William and Annie were engaged in Church activities all their lives. Grandpa Will was superintendent of the YMMIA, and assistant superintendent of the Sunday School for 14 years. Grandma was a member of the Relief Society presidency for many years.<sup>8</sup> In June, 1942, the family sorrowed with Aunt Rosanna and children at the death of son, brother, husband and father Benjamin—at age 54.\*\*

Due to Grandma's ill health, they rented a home in Montpelier to be nearer medical care. Long months of illness followed. We read of those final days from the journal of her brother, Robert Schmid, as copied by Myrtle Kunz Steckler.

#### Robert Schmid's Journal Entries

"...Thy sons and  
daughters shall  
grow up around  
thee be a comfort  
with thee and bear  
thy name in  
honorable  
remembrance.  
...thou shalt have  
joy and  
satisfaction in  
seeing all of thy  
Children grow up  
to Manhood and  
Womanhood, and  
they shall all be  
within the  
boundary of the  
fold. Thou shalt be  
exceedingly  
blessed in  
warding off the  
Destroyer from  
them. For the  
Blessings of the  
Lord shall be with  
thee in thine  
administering  
unto them.  
Annie's Patriarchal  
Blessings

April 30. Sylvia called up from Town requesting that [we] administer to her Dear Mother, which we quickly did according to her request.... President and Sister Wright dropped in to see Sister Annie. We again administered to her at her request. President Wright encouraged her and praised her for her good works in life.

May 4. ...Poor Annie had an awful spell. One of the worst ever, she ...spoke in German, somewhat incoherent, seemingly in an other world. ...She asked me to kneel down and pray and commit her into the hands of the Lord...

May 7. I went to see Sister Annie who has her 77 Birthday Anniversary. All her children came to see her, even Sophie from Midvale was up. ...had a nice visit with Annie & Sophie and all the rest of the family. ...Anona and her little daughter and Verlene were up to see their Grandma and Grandpa. Lorena, Willard's wife, made Annie a beautiful Birthday Cake with 77 candles on it.

May 10. ...she had a bad day and was terribly weak.

May 11. ...she is terribly short winded which distresses her so much.

May 16. ...Annie was quite poorly all day. Quite distressed when she eats anything.

May 19. Stayed in town all afternoon with sister Annie who is sinking fast. We had prayer in behalf of Dear Sister Annie and committed her again into the hands of the Lord at her request. That's pretty hard to do.

May 20. ...Upon Will's request I asked Brother Joseph F. Smith<sup>9</sup> our presiding patriarch who came up to represent the First Presidency to come up and administer to her, which he gladly did, accompanied by President Sidney E. Burgoyne. Annie talked to Brother Smith and thanked him. He left a splendid influence in the home.

May 21. Sunday. I found Annie much weaker, though she rested pretty good. I could see a great change in her. ...Had dinner at Will's and Annie's after conference session...she is sinking slowly every hour.

May 22. ...Sister Annie is very low in a coma since last night.

May 23. Dear Annie is just the same only weaker...her pulse is about 1 to my 3. ...About 10 minutes to 12 o'clock tonight our Dear Sister Annie passed away, surrounded by her children and husband and Sister Emma. ...Willard called me at that time. It is a great relief to Dear Annie and to all of us that her suffering came to an end.

May 26. ...Dear Sister Annie saved up \$45.00 in money that was given her on Birthdays and so on. Told Will it would come in handy for him after she was gone....] Clawson brought a beautiful box of flowers from Salt Lake.

May 28. [Sunday] ...arrangements for the funeral at 1:30. ...Sister Estelle [Kunz] read poem that Thelma Eschler Banks composed...a beautiful thing. ...After the services our Relief Society [served] ...a nice lunch to over 75 people at Will's place...everything went off in a nice quiet way with all due respect...

With her family around her, Grandma Annie passed away on 23 May 1944, two weeks after her 77th birthday. Her funeral was held on Sunday, May 28, 1944, with Bishop Orlando N. Kunz conducting. Speakers included Elder Eugene Ruger of Bancroft, Bishop James Kunz, Cedron, and William's uncle, Robert Kunz of Logan. President Silas L. Wright, a family friend, also spoke.

Grandpa moved back to Bern for a short time, but soon sold his Bern home and bought a house near five of his children who lived in Montpelier. (Willard, Joe, Sylvia, Mabel, Libby). He maintained his own household, grew raspberries in the backyard, and enjoyed having his family about him. The family relied on his counsel and advice in many of their problems. He enjoyed visiting with friends—old and new. He welcomed the opportunity to tell of his experiences and give information to all who asked. He delighted in participating in fishing and hunting trips made possible mostly by his sons and grandsons. He often enjoyed riding up Montpelier Canyon with Uncle Willard, sighting deer on the hillside.

All his sons and daughters made frequent visits. Then son Joseph became seriously ill. On July 22, 1950, this young father and husband passed away at the age of 44. The family and community mourned with Aunt Ethel and Larry at his passing.

William J.'s remaining children and grandchildren filled his last years with frequent visits and family gatherings. Grandpa filled his time with listening to the radio, reading, studying, clipping newspaper articles, poems, stories of interest, and working on genealogical records. When he became so very ill, his children took turns staying at his side. On 15 March 1952, one day after his 87th birthday, he died at home in Montpelier. On March 18, 1952, many residents of Bear Lake, family members, extended family and friends gathered in Bern, Idaho, to attend his funeral. He was known and loved as "Pa," "Grandpa," "Uncle Will," and "Will," by those who belonged to him. Lyman Berrett [bishop of his Montpelier ward] conducted the services; he told those assembled that "a son-in-law of Brother Kunz told me that he had told the family that at his passing it would be his wish that not a tear would be shed, because he had lived his life fully, he had raised a very, very fine family, and the life which he expected to go was far better than this earth life...."

President Silas L. Wright also spoke, telling those in attendance: "William J. Kunz was my best friend, though there was some difference in age, but he was a fast friend. He was a loyal and true friend. He rejoiced in his family. I think he's told things about every member of his family to us. One that impressed me...was when Willard was called into the stake presidency as stake clerk. He said to me 'Brother Wright, I want to talk to you....From the bottom of my heart I want to thank you for calling one of my children into the stake presidency as [stake] clerk.' I told him that I hadn't called him, but that he had made good on the opportunity.

"He rejoiced in his family...he's told things about every member of his family to us. ...he had something about each one of them that he thought was so lovely of them..."

I'm here to say that there was no one who ever left Sister Kunz's table without fond remembrance. And I visited her and Brother Kunz many, many times." <sup>10</sup>

Brother Kunz appreciated that. And he had something about each one of them that he thought was so lovely of them, and he always mentioned that."

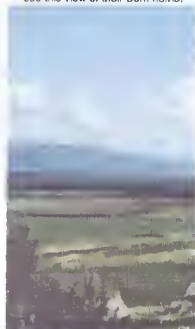
President Wright also told of his association over the years with the family: "It was always a delight to go to Brother and Sister Kunz's. It seemed that it was the greatest pleasure of Sister Kunz to see how many they could have for dinner on Sunday or some other important occasion. I thought it was a marvel to see the large number of children they had, plus visitors, and she'd laugh and go about her work. And her concern would be was everybody being filled up. And



"...Thy Posterity shall grow up around thee and have thy name in Honorable remembrance and if thou wilt seek to be humble before the Lord to know thy duty and his will thou shalt be prospered..."  
William's Patriarchal Blessing

"...thou shalt have joy in thy daily [ex]ocations], even thy table shall be spread with the bounties of the earth and no one shall be turned from thy door hungry..."  
Annie's Patriarchal Blessing

Standing just at their graveside, you see this view of their Bern home.



I remember one hot day carrying lemonade Grandma had made up into the field where Grandpa was harrowing. I think I found him at the top of the field, just by the cemetery fence line—just across the fence from the sagebrush you see in the foreground of this picture.

William and Annie are buried side by side in the cemetery in Bern, Idaho.

With gratitude that we belong to such parents, we recall again the words of Joseph F. Smith "...we are closely related to our kindred, to our ancestors, to our friends and associates and co-laborers who have preceded us into the spirit world. We cannot forget them; we do not cease to love them; we always hold them in our hearts, in memory, and thus we are associated and united to them by ties we cannot break.... [They] can see us better than we can see them—... they know us better than we know them. They have advanced; we are advancing; we are growing as they have grown; we are reaching the goal that they have attained unto; and therefore, I claim that we live in their presence, they see us, they are solicitous for our welfare, they love us now more than ever." (Gospel Doctrine: Selections from the Sermons and Writings of Joseph F. Smith (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1978), 430–31.)

President Wright and others spoke of their gracious hospitality in the midst of pressing work. They leave us an enduring example of love, life, work and faith. Were they successful? Which one of us has not noticed and felt the awesome family loyalty and love that the children of William and Annie had for their parents, for each other, for their own children and nieces and nephews—us? They created a life for their children and posterity that is rare and most precious.

### "We will kneel..." —A Postscript

May 5, 1984, was the 97th anniversary of the marriage of William J. Kunz and Annie Schmid in the Logan Temple. That morning at 10:30 a.m. William J. Kunz family members assembled at the Logan Temple for a very special purpose. Among those present were Aunt Sylvie, Aunt Libby, and Aunt Ivy. Several nieces and nephews and their spouses attended as well. (Uncle Les, Aunt Myrtle, and Uncle Willard had just passed away within the last three years. Uncle Ben, Uncle Joe, Aunt Mabel and Aunt Sophie had passed away earlier.) The family gathered at the request and direction of Elder Theodore M. Burton, an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve and then a member of the First Quorum of the Seventy, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He had responsibilities in the Confidential Records area of the church. His request unfolded a story not previously well-known to many family members.

**The Test Oath**  
B. H. Roberts,  
Comprehensive  
History of the  
Church, Vol. 6,  
Ch. 168, p. 213–  
p. 214

"The expression of Mr. Fred T. Dubois, was uttered a few days ago, the making of the assertion being admitted by him in open court under oath." (Deseret News, weekly, of May 19th, 1886, p. 279; see also News of Nov. 17th, 1886, p. 659, and *ibid* for 7th and 14th of November, 1888.)

On the 3rd of February, 1885, Idaho territory had passed the celebrated "test oath." It had for its purpose the disfranchisement of the Latter-day Saints in Idaho and was based on not only the practice of polygamy, but on the belief in polygamy. These Idaho Latter-day Saints were political victims not only because their detractors despised polygamy, but because these opponents feared they would vote as a block in the fight to bring Idaho to statehood. Its constitutionality was affirmed by the courts of Idaho, and the result had been that the Latter-day Saints in that territory were practically disfranchised.

So, in the election of 1888, in order to rid themselves, if possible, of intolerable political conditions, large numbers of the Latter-day Saints withdrew from membership in the church, that they might qualify as electors by taking the test oath to the effect that they were not only not bigamists or polygamists, but that they were not even members of "any sect or organization which teaches, advises, or encourages the practice of bigamy or polygamy, or any other crime defined by law, as a duty or privilege resulting, or arising from the faith or practice of such order or organization." In some counties those who thus withdrew from the church were permitted to register and vote. In others they were denied that privilege by the arbitrary action of the registration and election officers. [This was the case in the town of Preston, which later became the county seat of Franklin when that county was established in 1913.] Large numbers of them voted, however, but failed of the attainment of their purpose since the anti-"Mormon" candidate for congress, Fred T. Dubois, Republican, was successful at the polls, over Jas. H. Hawley, Democrat. The successful Republican candidate, Fred T. Dubois, is the same man who a short time previously, while United States marshal for Idaho, and a bitter anti-"Mormon," boasted in open court that under the legislation then "law" in Idaho, that "he had a jury impaneled to try unlawful cohabitation cases that would convict Jesus Christ if he were on trial..." He admitted having made the assertion when confronted with it in open court, and under oath. The boast reveals the spirit in which these laws were administered in Idaho.



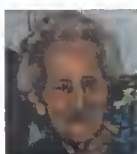
The test oath itself was repealed in 1895. However, other attempts to keep Mormons from voting continued until March 24, 1908, when efforts to get the courts to prevent Idaho Mormons from voting on constitutional grounds failed. Idaho's constitution still contained the anti-Mormon Test Oath until 1982, when it was finally removed! There was some publicity associated with this final removal. About this time, the account of the "... remarkable action [in 1888] of the Latter-day Saints of Idaho in withdrawing from the church to effect a political purpose..." was brought to the attention of the descendent families who were thus affected—through the offices of Elder Burton. Grandfather William J. had been one who had voluntarily taken that step, just a short time after the birth of his first child, Benjamin. It should be noted that through all the subsequent years of his life, he and the church both considered him to be a member in good standing, as witnessed by the fact of the offices he held, temple attendance, priesthood held, and so forth. This seemed to be the case with others who had also withdrawn membership at that critical time. But now the family would comply with the request of church authorities issued through Elder Burton that temple blessings for the William J. Kunz family be restored through the sealing ordinance in the temple.

Thus the remarkable purpose for that gathering May 5, 1984, in the Logan Temple. Those who participated as proxies that day were: William John Kunz (Blaine L. Kunz); Annie Schmid (Norinne T. Kunz); Mabel Mary Ann (Dorothy T. Mariano); Sylvia Magdalena (herself); Sophie Olive (Ruth B. Beck); Anna Elizabeth [Libby] (herself); Myrtle (Dianne S. Rasi-Koskinen); Willard Robert (F. Wayne Steckler); Ivy (herself); Joseph John (Gordon W. Bolton); Karl August (O. Louis Kunz); Leslie Amasa (Raymond Beck). The sealing was performed by Lynn A. Thomson and the witnesses were Michael L. Steckler and Nolan R. Ballard. Others present: Verda Eschler, Elaine J. Bolton, Venita T. Paget, LaVelle Steckler, Mrs. Michael [Lorraine] Steckler.

Now had come the time for the sealing of the children to their parents. Aunt Sylvia (92 years of age) and Aunt Libby (88 years old) were each seated in a wheel chair to make it easier for them to move about in the temple that morning. They were told that they could approach the altar for the sealing in their wheel chairs. The sisters exchanged a look between them that said (without words) "Not on your life!" As if by agreement they said "We will kneel." And they did. The sealing ordinance then took place with the three sisters and the afore-mentioned proxies in their places at the altar. An extraordinary opportunity to go back in time and "witness" the sealing of our family!



Libby, Drusilla, Ivy, Sylvia; Drusilla visits her mother and two aunts



*In that look exchanged between sisters and in their words is embodied the whole spirit of determination and devotion and dignity and humility and obedience and sacrifice and loyalty that characterizes the family that William J. and Annie Schmid Kunz began May 5, 1887, and have nurtured even until today.*



**"We will kneel..."**

For account of the remarkable action of the Latter-day Saints of Idaho in withdrawing from the church to effect a political purpose, and the comments for and against such action, see the *Salt Lake Herald and Tribune* from 1st to the 14th of November, 1886.

See also Leonard J. Arrington's *History of Idaho*, Volume 1.

Oldest son Benjamin William was born 11 May 1888, before the election of 1888 wherein Grandpa William J. withdrew his name from records of the church, and it was therefore not necessary for any further action to be taken in his behalf.

***The comfort of the temple sealing of our grandparents...***

President Spencer W. Kimball quoted these lines: It is said that the very hairs of your head are all numbered; is it not to teach us that nothing, not the smallest things imaginable, happen to us by chance? But if the smallest things we can conceive of are declared to be under the divine direction, need we, or can we, be more plainly taught that the greatest things of life, such as the manner of our coming into the world, our parents, the time, and other circumstances of our birth and condition, are all according to the eternal purposes, direction, and appointment of divine Providence?

Small Acts of Service," *ENSIGN* (December 1974): 5, quoting William Law, *A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life* (Grand Rapids, Mich.: Sovereign Grace, 1971).

"When a seal is put upon the father and mother, it secures their posterity, so that they cannot be lost, but will be saved by virtue of the covenant of their father and mother."

—*Teachings of the Prophet*, 321; Words of Joseph Smith, 242.

Jesus had not finished his work when his body was slain, neither did he finish it after his resurrection from the dead; although he had accomplished the purpose for which he then came to the earth, he had not fulfilled all his work. And when will he? Not until he has redeemed and saved every son and daughter of our father Adam that have been or ever will be born upon this earth to the end of time, except the sons of perdition. That is his mission. We will not finish our work until we have saved ourselves, and then not until we shall have saved all depending upon us; for we are to become saviors upon Mount Zion, as well as Christ. We are called to this mission.

—Boyd K. Packer, "The Brilliant Morning of Forgiveness," *ENSIGN* (November 1995): 20–21, quoting Joseph F. Smith, *Gospel Doctrine*, 5th ed. (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1939), 442; emphasis added.

Elder Boyd K. Packer quoted the Prophet Joseph and expanded on this principle: "We cannot overemphasize the value of temple marriage, the binding ties of the sealing ordinance, and the standards of worthiness required of them. When parents keep the covenants they have made at the altar of the temple, their children will be forever bound to them."—*Conference Report* (April 1992): 94–95.



[See chart.]

Handwritten chart made by William J Kunz 1943

In early 1995, Phillip and Jenifer estimated that the descendants or family of John Kunz II and his wife, Rosina Knutti Kunz, were now 16,500 strong and that there have been over 3000 full-time missions served by Kunz family members. Hundreds of others, they state, if not thousands, have served responsibly in a variety of Church positions including regional representative of the Twelve, Patriarch, Stake President, Mission President, Bishop, Relief Society President and other positions.

**UPDATE:**  
The article will be published in the *Swiss-American Historical Review*, February, 1998. The title will be: "The Kunz Family: Over A Hundred Years in Mormonsim," by Phillip R. Kunz and Paul A. Nielson..

The results of the Kunz study and other information on the Kunz family will be published in an upcoming issue of *The Swiss-American Historical Review*.

Their survey also shows that 95 missions were served by descendants of William J. and Annie S. Kunz. This number includes also missions served by spouses of descendants, stake missions, and multiple missions served by the same individual. We note that other descendants have entered the mission field since 1995.

What would Grandpa William J. say today about the missionary service his family has given to the church? In 1925, with one missionary daughter in the field, he wrote:

*"I...am glad to learn you are ...interested in your Work. I am happy to think we have a Representative in the field in helping to spread the News that the Lord Lives & that he has again Spoken from the Heavens in our day, but I Realize too that we aught to have done more in that line in the Past than we have, but I say again it makes me feel good to think we have a Representative in the Field from Our Family."* [Wayan, Idaho, Sep 1, 1925; letter #12]

Every missionary who has served since then, everyone who has aided or supported the missionary endeavor in any way, and every new missionary from our family who enters the mission field could read what Grandpa William J. wrote, and could know and feel that he or she carries his blessing, and, I believe, his gratitude. The rest of our missionary story has not been written. We are writing it as we go.

#### Locations of missionary service given by the descendants of William J. and Annie S. Kunz:

Argentina Buenos Aires	Costa Rica	Hawaiian	Norway Oslo
Arizona Tucson	Denver Colorado	Italy Milano	Oakland California
Australia	Des Moines Iowa	Japan	Oakland Stake
Belgium	Eastern States	Japan Sapporo	Philippines
Brazil Brasilia	El Salvador	Mississippi Jackson (2)	Texas
B Y Un. Stake	England Birmingham	Montana Billings	Toronto Canada
British North West	England Coventry	Nashville Tennessee	University Second Stake
British South West	Finland Helsinki	New England	Uruguay
California (3)	France	New England Central	Uruguay Montevideo
California Anaheim	Germany North	New York New York North	Washington DC
California San Diego	Great Lakes	New York Rochester (2)	West Central States
Canada (2)	Guatemala	North German (2)	West Spanish American
Canada Halifax	Hartford Connecticut	Spain Barcelona	Zurich Switzerland (2)
Canyon Rim Stake	Kentucky Tennessee (3)	Sweden	
Ecuador	Midvale Stake (2)	Switzerland 1972	

Survey information courtesy of Phillip R. and Jenifer Kunz

Note: some mission locations were not indicated by mission name, or they may have been listed only by country, so if you or your family member served before 1995, and if you do not see your mission listed here, that does not necessarily mean that it was not counted.

When John Kunz I found the gospel and joined the church, he was one of 68,780 members of the church in 4 stakes and 7 missions. When grandfather William John was baptized as a child, there were 101,538 members of the church in 9 stakes and 7 missions. I find it awesome to think that our ancestors were among the first 68 to 100 thousand valiant spirits sent to earth to assist in laying the very foundation of Zion in the latter days. Today their descendants are among ten million who are building on that foundation as the millennial day draws nearer. (If one in ten million makes you feel any the less important in the work, compare it to the billions living on earth today: the role of each one of the ten million very important.)

## Chapter Two

### ...about Mothers and Grandmothers

*"Sometimes it is the privilege of ... mother to help her child to transfer his allegiance, measurably at least, from her[self] to God. Mother is really another name for God in the minds of little children, but there will come a time when she will not be with them. They lean on her; they trust her; they receive nourishment from her; but the time will come when they must rely on someone else. The adept mother ... prepares the child to transfer his affection and his dependence to their Heavenly Father."* [Hugh B. Brown, *The Abundant Life*, p.202]

How did William J. and Annie come to be the "Ma and Pa," the "Uncle Will and Aunt Annie"—the "Grandpa and Grandma" that were known, loved, and respected? We can look for clues as we read of their early lives, parents and grandparents.

#### **"Ma"—Annie Schmid Kunz (1867–1944)<sup>12</sup>**

The second child in the family of eight, Grandma Annie was born 7 May 1867<sup>13</sup> in Berg-am-Irchel, Zurich Canton, Switzerland, and named after her mother, Anna. She was known through her life as "Annie." She emigrated from Switzerland at the age of 16, accompanied by her younger sister, Mary, age 11. These two young sisters developed a special bond through this difficult time of being separated from the rest of their family.

*Victor Hugo is reported to have said: "If you would civilize a man, begin with his grandmother."<sup>11</sup>*

Little Annie started school in Switzerland at age six, and an 8- or 9-year-old Annie started working in a near-by knitting factory. It was while she was working there [at about age 11], that she had a serious accident. She worked at a large knitting machine having many needles. One needle of her machine broke, and a glancing splinter hit her eye. The family, though very poor, arranged for the necessary operation. As she lay on the table, [under anesthetic, we presume], she had a dream: she felt as if someone were lifting her off into space with a door knob, which was attached to her back...; in reality the surgeon had lifted the eye out of its natural place and was removing the splinter.<sup>14</sup> The operation was over and was generally successful, but the sight in her right eye was greatly impaired for the rest of her life.

As a young girl, Annie listened to the conversations that the "Mormon" missionaries had with her parents. She listened and knew they taught something remarkable. They also spoke of the land of Zion. Zion was in America, she knew, and Annie's idea of America included stories of Indians; she also imagined the land to be infested with snakes. When her family was to be baptized after their conversion, she hesitated a few months—not because she doubted the truthfulness of the Gospel, but because all those she had known that joined the church had left Switzerland and gone to Zion—in that land that frightened her. She did not want to go to America, and she told the Elders so. They promised her that she would not have to go if she did not want to. On October 4th, 1880, Annie was baptized and confirmed a member of the church by Elder Ferdinand Oberhansli.

#### **Annie and Mary leave Switzerland**

After her baptism she began to have different feelings toward America. Now she wanted to go very much; the desire to emigrate came to her and the fear left her. The missionaries heard of her desire and made plans for her to go. They loaned her the money necessary, and she, in return, would work in America and repay them. It was decided that her young sister, Mary, would accompany her. Coming to America was one of the outstanding features of her life.<sup>15</sup> At the age of 16 she and her sister, Mary, 11, left Schaffhausen, their parents, loved ones, and homeland for the unknown voyage across the ocean to Zion. It was an emotion-filled parting for the parents and the young sisters. They left their family not knowing when or if they would be reunited.

They traveled with the missionaries, two Mormon families (the Wilkers and the Housers), and other converts to the unknown and formerly feared America.

Arriving in Paris, Idaho, in August, 1883, they did not speak English, nor did they know anyone there. Mary found work with the Wm. B. Shepherd home, working there for nearly three years. Annie had begun working as small child and knew how to work, too. She first worked for the John Norton family and then the William Rich family. Later (for health reasons according to Aunt Ivy Jensen), she moved to Bern to work for the Dave Kunz family—milking cows, doing house work, and tending children. Her wage was at first 50¢ a week. From her earnings, she sent money to her parents from time to time. Annie kept her commitment and repaid the missionaries who had loaned her the money to come to America. She did this out of her small weekly wage, while also saving her money faithfully so that within about two<sup>16</sup> year's time she had sent to her family in Switzerland \$90<sup>17</sup> for their passage to come to America. [That fund also contained \$40 that someone had placed to be used for brother Robert.<sup>18</sup> When Robert was a ten or eleven year-old boy, Elder Jacob Hafen of Mt. Pleasant, Utah, had wanted to bring him to America, but mother Anna, who had already said her good-byes to three of her children, objected immediately; life, she said, was too uncertain, and she couldn't see another of her children leave their home.]

"...Thou shalt be  
blessed with  
Temporal things  
for thine bread  
Basket shall never  
be empty. Thou  
shalt be a wise  
Counselor to thine  
Husband and the  
Spirit of peace  
shall be with thee.  
For thou shalt be  
called a Peace  
Maker among His  
Saints...."  
Annie's Patriarchal  
Blessing.  
"...a mother in  
Israel whose fame  
shall be known far  
and near therefore  
be founded and  
listen to council  
and be upon thy  
guard and run not  
after the  
allurements of the  
world..."  
Annie's Patriarchal  
Blessing

Myrtle's notes relate the following: In spite of her eye injury, Annie was a great reader of the scriptures and became skilled in many arts. Besides being an excellent homemaker, dressmaker and cook, she spun the yarn and knitted it into socks and mittens not only for her family, but many others enjoyed the benefit of her labors. Sewing for six daughters required much time and effort. After the family had retired to their beds, she would sit by her Singer sewing machine by coal oil lamp light, sewing for her family.

Her patriarchal blessing is like a history in reverse—literally fulfilled. She was promised that she would become a Mother in Israel and her children would call her blessed—she would feed the hungry and clothe the naked and be a mother to the motherless; her bread basket should never be empty. "It astonished us many times when unexpected guests arrived how skillfully she could prepare a tasty meal out of a meager supply at hand—no one ever left her home hungry, and always they left filled with encouragement and cheer and a warm feeling in their hearts for the love and good will extended to them."

Her faith in the Priesthood of our Father in Heaven was demonstrated over and over, as sick children were administered to and made well; one time, when they were living at the dairy—miles away from any one else, Father had to be away from home on business for several days, leaving Mother and 6 children alone. The baby, Willard, about 1 1/2 years old, took very sick. Nothing she could do helped, and how she prayed for someone to come by that might be able to administer to him. Late that night a knock came at the door; hoping yet fearing to answer, she went to the door. A woman and her son plead for lodging. In the course of preparing a late snack and making extra beds, she was told the young man was a returned missionary<sup>19</sup>. Her prayer was answered and the administration was effective. The baby [Willard] grew to manhood, honored and respected by all who knew him, a great comfort and blessing to his parents, family and friends.

...the words of her unfailing  
morning prayer: "Heavenly  
Father, bless all thy  
covenant people on the  
face of the earth from  
the greatest of thy  
leaders to the least  
member of thy whole  
Church..."

—Max Eschler, from morning  
prayers at the Dairies

Her life was made up of "others." Many there are who remember her unselfish and untiring efforts in easing and helping where help was needed. Through sickness and death, or in the homes of the motherless, her quiet visits always bore fruit. No task was ever too great or demanding.

She served 15 years from December 9, 1917, to July 16, 1929 and from October 1930 to July 16, 1933 as a counselor to Emma C. Kunz in the Bern Ward Relief Society. Living in the scattered settlement of Bern, it was necessary in making the monthly visits to drive long distances with the team and sleigh. Snow, wind, or cold freezing weather never daunted their spirits. Over the years they become familiar figures, with the people looking forward to their visits. Father was always



on hand to put the team up after she returned, or to harness it up when she needed to go, thus supporting her in her dedicated service.

Many hours she spent visiting the sick and helping in their homes. When there was no longer anything to do for them in their homes, she would bundle up the laundry and carry it home—to return it a day or so later, ironed and mended.

*[Electricity and all it has made possible—microwaves, electric irons, washing machines, dryers, stoves, central heating and air, television, radio, computers... Annie Schmid Kunz had lived 64 years, lived on two continents, had saved meager earnings from milking cows to aid her family come to Zion, married and reared 10 children to maturity with all the cleaning, cooking and laundry a family needs—all this before electricity was introduced into Bern in January of 1931.]*

Many there are who agree with her posterity in saying, "Yes, she truly loved and served her Father in Heaven and her fellow men." Her life was devoted to her family and her church, serving faithfully and willingly in every calling. Passed away, May 23, 1944, at Montpelier, Idaho.<sup>20</sup> —Myrtle Kunz Steckler

### **Annie's parents and family**

Karl August Schmid was born 24 September 1837 at Berg-am-Irchel, Zurich Canton, Switzerland. He was the son of Heinrich Schmid and Cleophea Eberhard. Anna Landert was born 4 May 1843 at Rorbas, Zurich Canton. Her parents were Hans Jacob Landert and Anna Baur, who were staunch members of the Lutheran Church. They regarded drinking and card playing to be very evil.

Karl and Anna were married in Rorbas on 18 January 1864. He was 27 and she was 21. Their first son, Karl (Charles), was born in a small town Frienstein, near Berg. The next four children, Anna, William, Mary, and Robert, were born at Berg. William died as an infant only two weeks old. They moved to Rorbas, where daughter Emma was born. Their seventh child, August, was born after they had moved to Schaufhausen. Anna had been baptized and confirmed a member of the Lutheran Church and age 16, and was sincerely devoted to it. These parents instilled in their young children a love for the Bible.

A tailor, Karl August followed his trade in each city where they lived. Anna had learned the art of silk weaving and handiwork in textile mills. This experience gave her an opportunity to work and earn as her health permitted, along with keeping her home and raising her family. The ability to weave and spin, to sew and mend which she acquired as a young woman, became an essential part of her home making skills; her daughters learned these arts, as well.

### **The Schmid family hears the gospel**

It was while they were living in Berg (1880) that missionaries Stoker and Heppler introduced the Schmid family to the restored gospel. On several occasions the elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints visited the family. They discussed the gospel. Anna's husband, Karl, readily saw that this restored gospel was different and that there was something outstanding in the beliefs they taught. He leaned very much toward these teachings, but Anna didn't see as he did. Karl was baptized on 26 May 1880. But for Anna, membership in her church still seemed satisfactory to her needs.

Elder Stoker, a local elder, called at her home one evening, and found Anna and the small children at home alone. The youngest child was just two weeks old. She, in the course of the conversation, told him that she planned to very soon have the baby baptized and confirmed in the Lutheran Church. Elder Stoker told her this was not necessary to baptize infants, and that sprinkling wasn't the correct method of baptism. She seemed cool toward his teachings, and insisted that it must be done. As he was about to leave, he asked her if she would object to his kneeling with her and the children and having prayer. She said not, and so knelt with her children and Elder Stoker while he offered prayer. Later, in relating it to her family, she said that she believed she would never forget the wonderful prayer that he offered, and how deeply it impressed her. It ignited a spark that caused her to become interested in the truths that the church had to offer which led to her acceptance of the gospel.

Schmid family information from the writings of Verona Schmid Hayes.

1880—There were just 133,628 members of the church at this time, with 15,855 of them located in the mission field.



The baptismal in the Church at Berg-am-Irchel where Anna would have had her baby baptized in the Lutheran Church. Photo by David K. Schmid, 1994



...It seemed as though his faith was passed on to her, to an extent.... Consequently, on 25 June 1880 she was baptized a member of the church by Elder Ferdinand Oberhansli. As mentioned earlier, after a four month delay for Annie to come to terms with her fears of emigrating, she too was baptized and confirmed a member of the church on October 4th, 1880, also by Elder Ferdinand Oberhansli. After their baptisms in the church, Anna and Karl opened their home to the missionaries to hold gatherings of the saints. They enjoyed the fellowship and spirit that was brought into their home by the elders.<sup>21</sup> Years later, Annie wrote of her parents, "...my dear Parents always treated the missionaries to the best they had & loved & respected them...." (According to Annie's brother, Robert, it was also in 1880 that Karl started keeping a journal, which Robert then continued all throughout his life—becoming a 68-volume set.)

On May 17, 1886—three years after Annie and Mary left, parents Karl, Anna, daughter Emma (6), and two sons, Robert (11) and August (2) left their home in Schaffhausen, on their way to gather to Zion and to join their three children who had previously emigrated to America. [Son Karl, known as Charles, had also emigrated 1885, at the age of 19]. In the city of Basil, Switzerland, the family met and visited with Elder John Kunz III and Elder David Kunz, whom they had entertained many times in their home in Schaffhausen. They sailed May 22 from Liverpool, England, on the steamship *Nevada*, spending eleven days on the ocean. They traveled with many other families from Germany, Switzerland, England, and Denmark—279 saints in all, with Moroni L. Pratt as leader, and arriving in New York on June 1.

Twenty-two days after leaving Switzerland, they arrived in Montpelier, Idaho, on the 9th of June, 1886. William J. Kunz and his uncle, Will Kunz, met them at the train and escorted them to Bern. They recalled that between Montpelier and Bern there was a great deal of water which at times came into the wagon box as they drove through it. Arriving in Bern, great was their joy to be reunited with daughter Annie, now 19 years old. They stayed at the homes of Sister Louisa Kunz, wife of David Kunz who was still in Switzerland, and also with Uncle Will Kunz and Mary Ann Roberts Kunz; they "were treated royally." A week after their arrival in their new country, John Kunz II moved them to Paris, Idaho, where sister Mary was working. She could not understand a word of German anymore, but it soon came to her again. Both father and mother wept with joy in this happy reunion and meeting. Brother Charles came from Evanston, Wyoming, in a month or two to complete the happy family reunion. Karl again took up his trade of tailoring, the children started school, and began getting accustomed to their new surroundings. Here they made their home for the next thirteen years.<sup>22</sup> On 5 September 1888, Karl and Anna L. Schmid were sealed in the Logan Temple by Marriner Wood Merrill. While in Paris, another son, Joseph, was born, but lived only two months.

On March 27, 1899, they sold their home in Paris, and bought a ranch at Slug Creek, Caribou County, Idaho. It was located through the canyon about seventeen miles from Georgetown. This move made it possible for their boys to have ranch work, but still be at home. After having lived in populated industrial cities and towns all their lives, this must have been a great contrast. At first it seemed rather a lonely place, as their only neighbors were on adjoining ranches which were several miles apart.

The Schmid ranch home was located in a cattle and sheep-grazing country. Many tired, hungry traveling ranchers called at their door and were never turned away, but invited in for a meal. Anna was loved for her kind-hearted hospitality, which was also expressed by her husband.

They made the ranch a home, just as they had done in every other place they had lived. The little log home that they moved into was kept spotlessly clean and tidy by Anna, as she had always done all her life. Her husband and sons were now in the cattle and sheep business; she and daughter Emma, who was still at home, cared for the home.

She didn't believe in being idle. From eggs that she gathered from her chickens, she made home-made noodles, which she stored in flour sacks. They washed and carded wool, and spun it into yarn. From this Anna and her daughter Emma would knit socks and mittens for the boys. They never knew what it was to be without them.

Anna enjoyed her family being around her. Her grandchildren were a great source of joy to her. They enjoyed having her read to them just to hear her mispronounce English words. She

*"She didn't believe in being idle...she made home-made noodles, ...washed and carded wool...knit mittens and socks..."*

knew that they enjoyed it, so would laugh with them, and go on reading in broken English. She in turn was amused when they would try to repeat the words as she pronounced them.

Slug Creek was part of the Georgetown Ward, however because of the distance, they were unable to attend meetings very often. On a Sunday they would hold meetings themselves, and during the summer quite often families from Georgetown would drive out to the ranch to spend the weekend with them and join in their worship service. They lived for each other and their children.

She exemplified thrift and saving. This story was related [to Verona Schmid Hayes] by Dr. Ellis Kackley in his office—many years after it happened: he was called to go out to the Schmid ranch due to illness of a member of the family, and upon arriving with Robert and August, he noted how Anna carefully wound the string off the packages they had brought home, into a nice firm ball and laid it away in its accustomed place, that when needed she would know where to find it.

Dr. Kackley reported that she treated him so well, always sending foods home with him after his visits to attend her. He promised her that he would stay with her in her last illness until her death, which he did.<sup>23</sup>

### ***Grandpa and Grandma Schmid's home***

When we traveled to and from Williamsburg, we stopped overnight at my Grandpa and Grandma Schmid's home in Slug Creek. Uncle Rob, Uncle August and Aunt Emma would often sing to us in the evening, and we would join with them. I remember that Uncle Rob and Uncle August had a phonograph with a huge horn on top of it. They played tube-like records on it, and we enjoyed hearing them.

The Schmid's had a fat herd of beautiful tame cattle. They would take the children to pet them. They also had dogs and cats. One of the dogs sat on a chair near the table while the family ate.

Grandpa Schmid was a tailor, and when his family came to America, they settled in Paris where he worked as a tailor. He often told me I looked like Grandma Schmid did when she was a girl. He said she was a slender little "slip" of a girl when she was young and a sweet, quiet, humble person. Grandpa Schmid was a short, heavy man with small bones and a bald head. The Schmid's had an unusual bed, and they were particular about it. It had a thick cover of good quality ticking which covered the whole bed. This was filled with fluffy feathers and was soft and warm. Aunt Julia was given this after Grandpa Schmid died, and she made two very nice pillows for my Mother from it. Mother prized these pillows highly and gave them to me when I was married.

My grandparents were meticulous housekeepers. Everything was spotless and in its place. The "tack" house in which they kept saddles, bridles and harnesses was in good order and clean throughout. They even had paper cut in small squares and stacked neatly in their outdoor toilet.

Sausage, bologna, hams and others kinds of meat were cured in a smoke house—the smoke from burning hard woods.

On one occasion when Sylvia and I were small girls, we stayed with our grandparents for a few days. Grandma asked us to mop the wooden floor in their home. We did but not to her satisfaction. Our mopping left streaks on the floor, so she showed us how to do it so it was perfectly clean and had us do it over to remove all streaks.

At the time of Anna Schmid's death there was a flour sack full of knit mittens and socks, that provided for her family's needs for a long time after she was gone.

written by Amy Kunz (Aunt Mamie; daughter of John Kunz IV and Mary Schmid Kunz)



## Chapter Three

### ...about Fathers and Grandfathers

Our feelings of love and respect for Grandpa William J. are represented in the words of a poem that daughter Myrtle clipped out and kept in her scrapbook. "I follow a famous father..." Just what is the role of "father," and how did he fill it in the way he did and with the results we are witness to? On the role of fathers, Alan Hawkins writes, "...the ability to love and care for others...the capacity to love in ways that are committed, unselfish, and without condition doesn't just happen. The capacity to love beyond self-interest develops as a person takes on the tasks of...learn[ing] to care for the next generation."<sup>24</sup> "Caring for the next generation" — How did Grandpa William J. do?

I follow a famous father and never a day goes by  
But I feel that he looks down on me  
To carry his standard high.  
He stood to the sternest trials, as a brave man can;  
Though the way be long, I must never wrong  
The name of so good a man.

[Newspaper clipping in Myrtle Steckler's scrapbook]

"...thy days and years shall be many and thine intellect shall be bright thy memory strong and wisdom shall be given thee above many of thy brethren... thine children... shall bless thee for thy worth and goodness to them..."  
William's Patriarchal Blessings

1865  
One month later, April 14, 1865, President Abraham Lincoln was assassinated.

William's great grandfather, John I, had been a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for almost three years. (An account of his conversion will be given hereafter.) William's grandfather (John II) who was a son of John I, opposed William's great grandfather's baptism and membership in the church. William's father, John III—a grandson of John I—entertained these same feelings of opposition.

#### "Pa"—William J. Kunz (1865–1952)

William John, the first son of John Kunz III and Magdalena Straubhaar, was born on March 14, 1865. William John was born in Niederstocken, Berne Canton, Switzerland, at the home of Peter & Johanna Eggen Straubhaar, his maternal grandparents. He was welcomed and loved, as shown by his mother's recorded feelings:

"...on March 14, 1865, I became the mother of my 1st child, a nice bright baby boy, who soon became the ideal of every member of my father's and mother's family."

In the Spring of 1866, the year following William's birth, John III and Magdalena Kunz and their two sons, William John and new baby Jacob, moved to the lower "Blatten" farm at Zwischenflüh (which was apparently vacated upon the emigration of Anna Wampfler Klossner and her children to Utah). In the words of Magdalena as recorded in the *LDS Family and Individual Record Book of John Kunz III*:

In 1866 my husband and I commenced to keep house together, having each lived more or less with our parents till up to that time. On April 17, 1866 my second son was born. In May 1867 my first daughter Rosina was born. My second son Jacob, being a corpse in the house at the time. In 1867 I contracted fever through my father's family, being a very sick woman almost unto death for over three months, and my health being ruined through it for the rest of my days here on earth. The year following in 1868 the Gospel found my husband and myself and my husband and grandmother being baptized together.

At the "Blatten" farm, they were close neighbors to John's grandparents and twin aunts at the "Schwand"—as the lower part of this narrow valley was known. Rosina [Kunz Morrell], one of the twin aunts from the "Schwand" was especially helpful to Magdalena at the death of one year-old Jacob and the birth of Rosina. "Aunt Rosina" had joined the church in 1862 at the same time her father, John I, was baptized. A close friendship developed, and it seems likely that Magdalena, who was only a few months younger than the twin aunts of her husband, gradually learned about the teachings of the restored gospel.

William had two brothers, Jacob and John, and two sisters, Rose and Magdalena Matilda. Jacob died at the age of about one year, and Matilda lived to be one month old.

J. Jacob	17 April 1866	died as infant
Rosina (Rose)	16 May 1867	(Aunt Rose)
John IV	14 July 1869	(Uncle Johnny)
Magdalena M.	11 October 1871	died as infant

When the elders came to the nearby "Schwand" farm of grandfather John Kunz I to conduct business and teach, she understandably desired to attend a meeting and hear the visiting missionaries in person. Mission president/missionary Karl G. Maeser (known to us today primarily for his role with Brigham Young University) was there that November of 1868. (Elder Maeser had come to Europe the previous year to preside over the Church's Swiss and German Mission.<sup>25</sup> Other missionaries to the family were Christian Willie [born 3 December 1843 in Berne, Switzerland; emigrated to Salt Lake in 1872], Willard B. Richards [born 25 January 1847 at Winterquarters, Nebraska—a son of Dr. Willard Richards who was with the Prophet Joseph Smith in Carthage jail], and Henry Home.)



Karl G. Maeser

During this visit on the "Schwand" farm, Elder Maeser ordained Johannes (John I) to the office of an Elder on November 11th, 1868.

#### John Kunz 3rd's conversion

Magdalena persuaded her 24-year-old husband to accompany her to the home of his grandfather for a meeting—in spite of his being filled with the same spirit of opposition his father, John II, had. John III smoked his long pipe so much during the first meeting that the air was clouded with smoke. He later said he thought to "smoke them out." He was, however, moved by the teachings presented by Elder Maeser.

Only four days later (November 15, 1868), John III and Magdalena Straubhaar Kunz acknowledged their testimonies of the truthfulness of the restored gospel and were baptized by Elder Maeser. Rosina Katharina Klossner Kunz, wife of grandfather John I, was also baptized at this time. The three were baptized in the November-cold waters of the creek or stream called "Grundbach," (Maeniggrundbach) which runs through that part of the hamlet of Zwischenflüh (Diemtigen Parish) known as Schwand—just below the farm houses. (Later, in his journal, John III acknowledged the influence of his wife with these words written in her behalf: "My husband claiming that I had been instrumental in bringing indirectly his conversion about as well as that of his grandmother.")

#### John Kunz 2nd's conversion

John Kunz II still vigorously opposed the Church. His father and sisters had joined the church; his son and mother had just been baptized. So, he and his wife invited their just-converted son (John III) to come to Riedern (the "Moos" farm) and get them a load of wood for winter—knowing he would have to stay overnight with them. This would give them time to show him what a mistake it had been to join the "Mormons."

While at their home, they asked John III numerous questions and tried to prove from their understanding of the Bible that he had made an error in being baptized. John III had learned from the missionaries and studied on his own and defended his baptism and membership with scripture. When John II realized that his efforts were futile, he became angry and raised points based on falsehoods and abuse. Nevertheless, before John III left he bore a strong testimony of the truthfulness of the restored gospel to his parents. His mother told him tearfully that she knew he was right.

The sincerity of his two sons (John III, and young Johann Gottfried, who had been baptized earlier at age 13), his parents, and his twin sisters touched him sufficiently that he and his wife, Rosina, agreed to meet with the missionaries and listen to what they had to say. Upon receiving the invitation to come to the "Moos" farm, Richards and a local Elder made their way through the mid-winter snow to Riedern. Elder Richards' taught them in his broken German with translation by his companion. John Kunz II and Rosina Knutti Kunz understood and accepted their message.

On February 27, 1869, Richards baptized them and their 20-year old daughter Kaeti in the icy waters of the Kirelbach Creek—nearly seven years after his father and his sister, Rosina, had joined the Church, and only three months after his son, John III, had joined. They were confirmed by Elder Christian Willie. Before being baptized (it is told in the family) he told President Maeser that he was willing to join the Church on the condition that he and his family would not be required to leave their native land for America as others had done. Elder Maeser assured him that

1868  
In 1868 there were 84,622 members of the church, five stakes and eight missions. This number of saints would fill the BYU football stadium about 1 & 1/3 times.

In 1869 there were 88,432 members in the church, 9 stakes and 7 missions.



Willard B. Richards



he need not leave his home unless he desired to do so. As a respected Simmental cheesemaker, he could have at any time taken advantage of an opportunity to emigrate to Russia, as three of his cousins and many friends and associates from the community had done during the first half of the 19th century. John Kunz II apparently did not consider such a possibility.

1870  
John II was the  
last of father-son-  
grandson John  
Kunzes to be  
baptized, but the  
first of the family  
to emigrate.

Although he had not wanted to go to America before his baptism, the spirit of gathering came upon him shortly thereafter. Sixteen months later, early in July, 1870, his family, including eight of his ten children (his two oldest children, John Kunz III and Rosina Kunz Bischoff were married) became the first members of the Kunz family to leave Switzerland and emigrate to America. (John II's twin sisters, Susanna Klossner from the upper "Blatten" farm and Gottlieb Agenstein and his wife [of the Klossner family] and their family were also in the emigrant group.)

### "...deliverance from Babylon"

His father's [John Kunz I] feelings and thoughts regarding the departure of this oldest son and family to go to the land of Zion are recorded thus: "For which event he was very thankful to his God for seeing the deliverance from Babylon of such a large number all at once. There being in the company who emigrated about fifteen of his nearest blood relations." How grateful he was to see this son who had been so openly opposed to the church and at odds with him, now join together in the same faith! He rejoiced in what was to be a final earthly separation, as only a parent can do, when that separation is in the interest of the a benefit to that child. Seven months later, this faithful man—the first of the Kunz family to recognize the truth of the restored gospel, the great-great-grandfather of our generation, John Kunz I—died on Feb 17, 1871.

1871 Family members walked in a funeral procession down the steep road from the home to the place of burial. Oldest son, John II, had just emigrated to America; oldest grandson, John III, was away from home serving border duty. So city officials honored the next-in-line 5 year-old William John. Since it was too steep and too far for him to walk, he was placed on the casket, where he rode until it reached the place of burial. In addition, he sat with these same dignitaries, who drank a toast to him at the home prior to the funeral. As an adult, our grandfather William J. had a vivid memory of this event, being seated on the casket of his great-grandfather.<sup>26</sup>

After the death of John I, John III reportedly moved his family from the lower Blatten farm to the Schwand farm of his widowed grandmother, Rosina.

During the summers in Switzerland, William J. helped herd goats on the hillsides of the Kunz family's alpine dairy farm. At the age of six he started school, which required a walk of three miles from his home. During the two years which he attended school in Switzerland, he studied the three R's and also the fundamentals of music—this, along with the four or five winters which he attended school in America, comprised his formal education. With a keen interest in life, and a remarkable memory, he continued learning.

1873 William J. was baptized June 4, 1873, by his father, and was confirmed by Henry Reiser, a missionary—also in the "Grundbach." Shortly after, his father, mother, their three children, and his father's grandmother (Rosina, widow of John Kunz I) started for America in July, 1873, from Basil, Switzerland. They sailed the River Rhine to Rotterdam, Holland, on the shores of the North Sea, where they boarded a boat for Liverpool, England. Here they stayed over night, and the next day they embarked on the steamer *Nevada* for the 11-day crossing of the Atlantic.<sup>27</sup>

As the *Nevada* passed Ireland, several little boats came out to sell fresh fruits. Eight year-old William J.'s father bought some gooseberries from them, and he and William went on the brow of the ship to eat them. A sailor warned them to hurry down below, which they did. At the next moment a large wave swept over the ship, and would likely have swept them off had they not gone below. William remembered that the water in the hallway was up to his knees.

The day after they arrived in New York, they boarded a train for the West. Upon reaching the Mississippi River, the train crossed the river on a ferry. On the other side of the river, the train on the ferry lined up with the tracks and went on its way. This operation made a vivid impression on young William. No one in their party could speak English, and so when they arrived in Ogden they were so happy to be met by Uncle Sam [Kunz] who spoke English well; he had made arrangements for them to go to Logan on the Utah Northern, a narrow-gage railway which had

just been built. They arrived in Logan at the home of Aunt Rosie K. Morrell [John III's aunt] on the 4th of July 1873 [this date is in question: some records suggest the month was August], where they stayed for two weeks. Teams then came from Ovid to take them to Bear Lake. Being heavily loaded with their belongings—which included two large copper kettles needed for cheese-



Peter Jensen, bishop  
in Ovid 1874–1888

making—they received additional help when Peter Jensen, grandfather of our uncle, Alfred O. Jensen, met them on the Mink Creek Divide, and they were able to continue to Ovid.

Those 2 large (1000 lb capacity) copper kettles brought with them from Switzerland would be put to use by John Kunz II, who had settled in Ovid, Idaho, and was already engaged in cheese-making. With the help of his wife, 7 sons and 1 daughter, he had made the first ton of Swiss cheese that was made in Bear Lake Valley, using a large boiler borrowed from someone in the area.

The borrowed boiler was a large cast iron kettle that had been used for making soap, so says Mavin Sparks in his 1995 booklet: *The Cheese Makers of Bern and their Lanes Creek Dairys.*"

### ***Zion: "...we proceeded to start pioneer life..."***

They were welcomed in Ovid at the home of William's grandfather, John Kunz II. Grandpa William J. recalled: *"When we got to grandpa's place in Ovid, I'll never forget that I could fill my belly with all the fresh cows' milk I could drink. To a nearly half-starved kid, it was something I'll never forget."*

Of their safe arrival, William's father, John III, wrote: *"Thankful to the Lord for preserving our lives up to our arrival in Zion. Being my Grandmother was a fellow passenger in my care in the seventy-first year of her life, and my wife with ruined health, and three small children, and rejoicing to meet Father, Mother, seven brothers, and one sister all well, we proceeded to start pioneer life..."*<sup>28</sup>

The newly-arrived family lived in Ovid for a time, in a log cabin without a floor. By October, 1873, they had moved to a little two-room log house on Aspen Creek, located east of the present site of Bern, Idaho [near where the present "Outlet" is].

William's father, John III, wrote: *"We built the first home in the Bern district, Bear Lake County, Idaho, which we used for a dwelling the following year, but my wife (Magdalena) leaving us through her death on May 22, 1874 brought an entire change into our family affairs..."*<sup>29</sup>

William's mother, Magdalena—already in poor health—again became seriously ill. On March 15, 1874, she was taken to Ovid to be cared for. John III recorded *"On May the 22 1874 at about 1:30 pm the Lord made manifest his power through two of his servants of the Quorum of the Twelve. Wilford Woodruff and Charles C. Rich administered to this, my wife, who was apparently in a condition with no prospect of release from her pains and sickness. But these brethren administering to her were scarcely through with their work when a great change took place and according to the promises made, she was a corpse at 6 pm."*

During this visit of the authorities from Salt Lake, William J. saw Brigham Young who was in the party. Three years later, August 29, 1977, Brigham Young died at his home in Salt Lake.

They promised her that the door would be opened for her to inherit the Celestial Kingdom. After the administration, she raised herself up in bed and stated that she was ready to go. She asked that they call her husband out of a meeting he was attending. After he arrived she bid them all good-bye and asked her husband to be kind to the children. Then she passed on. Another account records: *"...she quietly passed away, after kissing her children good-bye."* She was 37 years old.

A page in the LDS family record book [written or dictated by her husband] gives a few details about her:

Vocation	Very good & Faithful Wife and Mother
Height	5 ft 1 in
Weight	100
Chest Size	36
Color of Eyes	Hazel Brown
Color of Hair	Brown
Health	Excellent up to 31 year of her life

It was written of her: *"[She] was a woman of unusual spirituality, blessed with many talents, one being a beautiful singing voice."* William J. was now just past his ninth birthday. In later years he said that he couldn't remember what his mother looked like.

### ***"...remember the fear and the trembling"<sup>30</sup>...***

They essayed to pioneer in a new country and had accepted this pioneer life in exchange for the life they had known in their beautiful Diemtigen Valley home in Switzerland. There, for generations, the Kunz family had been known and respected as hard-working good citizens. They had enjoyed family support and the established comforts and conveniences of the day.

A phrase attributed to Kierkegaard; see footnote 30

Pictures of their attractive homes and beautiful surroundings contrast greatly with pictures of their log-cabin Idaho homes, and with what we know of their pioneer life. This change they had willingly, even eagerly, made because of their testimonies of the restoration of the gospel of Jesus Christ. But now, John III, with three young children, had to face the pioneer life—a struggle just to survive—without the spiritually strong, capable wife and mother that Magdalena was—just less than a year after coming to Zion! Would this not be a trial of his faith in the goodness of God?

Some ten years later, John III recorded in his missionary journal: "...I had to see my dearly beloved wife Magdalena pass away from this earthly Life something that has up to this Day surpassed anything of a trial to me, she had suffered of a very painfull Disease being a Chronical Dropsy, and she had been my Lifes Companion for ten years and had passed through hard times and Sickness with me and caused me to investigate the Gospel of Jesus Christ and consequently it seemed to render my heart in twain..."

During that summer of 1874 the children lived in the homes of different relatives in Bern and Ovid. Their father wrote: "Having to leave my children in the care of relatives, and seeing that time would bring a barrier between my children and myself, I married my deceased wife's sister, Sophia (Straubhaar), to fill, at least in part, the Solace of a mother to my little children, which she very nobly did."<sup>31</sup> In the fall of 1874 a home was again established when John married Sophie Straubhaar, their mother's sister. Of this decision, John records in his journal: "...but as I had three small Children I again needed a Mother to them and I had hundreths of times prayed to the Lord for that Purpose..." With goodness and love, she endeared herself in the hearts of these grieving children.

We see further into his heart and the quality of his faith from words he wrote as he returned to Switzerland as a missionary himself, and visited his former home:

"...it seemed the same old Place But as we walked along by Rentigen I Could hardly keep my self from Crying for seeing stoken so plain, and this being the Birthplace of two of my beloved women and of my oldest two sons, and the Place of my first Love, and the Place of my last Stopping where I Baptized the last night I was there before emigrating to Zion, two Persons one of them being my so dearly beloved Wife Sophia. It brought many reflections in my heart and I Could hardly keep from Cryeing, ...no place affected me near as much as the one before mentioned, although when we a while after Dark, Came up to the old Place below Schwand my heart beat and I again made reflections but right there we bowed down by the fence and prayed the Lord that we may be received good by our Uncle and family, and the Lord heard our Prayer, and we where well treated there."

"...the Place of my first Love, and the Place of my last Stopping..."

### **Baptism for restoration of health**

Winter 1876

In the winter of 1876 William became ill with mountain fever, which was so severe that he lost consciousness. Since everything that was known to those around had been done, it was decided that he be baptized for the restoration of his health. A hole was chopped in the ice and he was baptized. From that time on he improved, until he completely regained his health.

It is interesting to note that just six years earlier another incident of baptism for restoration of health had occurred in the family. This is how it came about. William J.'s grandfather, John II, and his family arrived in America in July 1870. When they arrived in Farmington (on the way to Salt Lake City), the First Presidency—Brigham Young, George A. Smith, and Daniel H. Wells—boarded the still-running train, met and shook hands with all the emigrants.<sup>32</sup> Later, in Salt Lake...

...Not knowing where to place the cheese-making Kunz family immigrants, Bishop Edward Hunter and Elder Karl G. Maeser consulted with President Young. He remembered that in Bear Lake there were many good cows and no one to take care of the milk. He said: "this fellow will find a way to take care of this milk better than it has ever been taken care of before. Now we will have an outlet for the milk." (Milk products had been mishandled and had been of a very poor quality.) Following President Young's directions to "put them on a train to Ogden, have the Bishop of Ogden ready with two teams, and send them to Bear Lake," they got as far as Providence, where they decided to stay that first winter. They got jobs to earn "money"—threshing, gleaning wheat—but, mostly they were paid in wheat and had but one quart of milk a day for the entire large family.

The baptism for health occurred at this time. John II injured himself lifting a fork full of hay. The rack floor gave way and he fell through. "Inflammatory rheumatism set in and he was laid up all winter," wrote his youngest son, Robert. "After being laid up three or four months he had a dream that if Henry Flamm would baptize him for his health, he would get well. ¶About a month after this dream Henry Flamm came to visit him. Father told him the dream. Brother Flamm said, 'Why didn't you make this known? In all probability you would have been well by now, but it is not too late to do it. We will do it right away.' He went home, got his team and wagon with hay, straw and blankets in it. Then he came after father. Father couldn't walk a step. They took him up to the center mill and carried him down the flume of the mill. He baptized him in that cold mountain water for his health, and then carried him back to his bed in the wagon. Then they took him home and put him to bed again. ...he had a terrible sweat for three or four days, and from that time on he began to get well."<sup>33</sup>

Perhaps they recalled this event as they undertook to baptize young William J.

### ***Making a living in Bear Lake***

The climate in Bear Lake Valley and the elements were less than hospitable. In early pioneer days a man known as "Peg Leg" Smith lived on what is now known as Peg Leg Island, a small island in Bear River, between Dingle and Wardboro. He was a mountain trader, a blacksmith and surgeon. On one occasion he made a saw wherewith he cut off his own leg, which had been frozen during one of his expeditions. He was still living on his island in Bear River when the Latter-day Saints settled Bear Lake Valley in 1863.... (Andrew Jensen, *Encyclopedic History of the Church*..., p.195)

Making a living took a lot of effort. As a challenging agricultural venture, Bear Lake was settled by hardy folk—they had to be, or they could not have survived. Living conditions were difficult. Long cold winters with heavy snows and blizzards shortened growing seasons. Killing frosts in early Spring and late Summer imposed many hardships on those who settled there. Grasshoppers devoured early crops. In 1875, two years after John III had moved, John II and his other sons, on the advice of Ovid's bishop, N. C. Edlefson, had also moved North from Ovid three miles and settled in what they called the Bern district. Here they found more grazing area for their stock. John Kunz II purchased all property in Bern bounded on the North by the Sand Hill Lane from Bishop Edlefson who held "squatter's rights" on it. Property on the North end of Bern was purchased by Christian Kunz from William L. Rich who was representing Charles C. Rich. In 1874, John II built a dairy and made cheese on a continuing basis thereafter. [Foster M. Kunz Record]

[Farming] was ... started on a small scale. A small piece of land was plowed with hand plow and oxen in 1876, planted into wheat, cut with a scythe and tied in bundles—all by hand, and threshed with a flail. Flour and other food supplies had to be brought over Emigration Canyon from Preston on snow shoes: the climate was unfavorable to farming—which was very discouraging.

Many people left Bear Lake to make homes elsewhere. President Brigham Young promised those who would remain that if they were obedient to their callings and worked and did their best, the land would be blessed and the climate would be suitable and they would raise their food even to the heartier fruits. "This promised blessing we are now enjoying," wrote Myrtle.

The land was used mostly for growing purposes. Some meadow lands were protected for wild hay to be cut and stacked for winter feeding of their milch [milk] cows and dry stock. The first hay cut by the Kunzes was done with a hand scythe and hand pitched. Not until 1884 did they have the use of a haystacker, which was brought into the valley. The Kunzes were the first to own and use a haystacker in Bear Lake Valley and many came from far and near to witness the miracle and later other stackers were brought in to the valley.

The interest of the people all through the valley was aroused by the skillful hand-made equipment which he [John III] used to carry on his [cheese] business.... They settled the little

Flashback to July 1870—another baptism for restoration of health

Myrtle's hand-written notes.

1876

*"President Brigham Young promised...the land would be blessed and climate would be suitable..."*

An interesting note: An early proposed name for Montpelier was "Clover," because of the abundance of wild clover. However, Brigham Young suggested "Montpelier," with reference to his early life in New England.



town of Bern, named after their native home, and resumed the same business on a larger scale as they had acquired more land and stock ...and built up the business to a thriving industry.



### *"My fond hopes are centered in thee..."*

There is so much more to our grandparents' lives than I have been able to find, to process, to understand, to write about. Each of us have some piece of it. We each have some part of them.

We find a great comfort in blessings promised them in their patriarchal blessings that concern us. In addition, they were blessed that their children would honor them.

*"...have thy name in Honorable remembrance...." "Thou shalt be blessed in thine children and comforted in their well being. They shall grow up to maturity and give thee satisfaction and they shall bless thee for thy worth and goodness to them. Thou shalt be blessed in temporal things, that thou shalt have the wherewiths to give to those in need."*

Patriarchal blessings of William J. Kunz.

*"...Thy sons and daughters shall grow up around thee, be a comfort with thee and bear thy name in honorable remembrance. ...thou shalt have joy and satisfaction in seeing all of thy Children grow up to Manhood and Womanhood, and they shall all be within the boundary of the fold. Thou shalt be exceedingly blessed in warding off the Destroyer from them. For the Blessings of the Lord shall be with thee in thine administering unto them."*

Patriarchal blessings of Annie S. Kunz

Eleven extraordinary spirits came into their home. The ten who lived to maturity we know well. They were willing to work and to honor their parents. They worked together for the good of the family and to bear one another's burdens. They played together, as well. They are great personalities. We honor them also.

Others have joined us in describing William and Annie as "humble" (not proud nor arrogant nor pretentious), "grateful," (not demanding nor seeking "entitlements"), "generous" (not stingy, nor willing to withhold what they had—nor did they operate under the world's "scarcity of love" myth, i.e. "there's not enough to go around"), "faithful" (not fearful, but knowing the Lord to be good and that he would fulfill his promises).

Although they were of the earth, they were yet not earth-bound—feet sometimes muddy, but not stuck in the mud: *they knew there was a Zion*. The words of Grandma Annie's loved hymn tell us how she felt about Zion: *"Now my own mountain home, unto thee I have come, all my fond hopes are centered in thee."* The central relationship of her life that made all the other relationships "good" was the one she had with Him who has said to us, "Come unto me." Her fond hopes were centered in Him. She prays for us: "...I do hope & pray that we may always be able to aknowledg the hand of the Lord in all things & that each & every one may be found worthie at the end of our journey."

As a patriarch to his family and his descendants, Grandpa William J. tells us: "I will assure you I will do more for the hapiness of the Family." We feel this is exactly what he did in life, and beyond.

So, in these pages, we take part in having their names in honorable remembrance. And so, Grandpa William and Grandma Annie, we your descendants honor you and your children. There is a Zion, and we will yet know "lots of comfort of being to gether in pease & plenty."



Pansies: flowers  
of thoughts or remembrance

**People we need to know**

These are direct-line ancestors of William J. Kunz; they are yours, too!

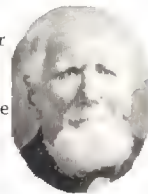
- **NIKLAUS KUNZ (1730-1808)** and **MARGARITHA KLOSSNER (1730-1805)**, second cousins once removed and both from the Bernese alpine hamlet of Zwischenflüh, were married on February 1762.... Of [their] three sons who married and raised families of their own, **Jakob** was the youngest.
- **JAKOB KUNZ (1774-1841)** married **MARGARITHA KLOSSNER (1779-1818)**, his third cousin, on February 6, 1798, in the Diemtigen Parish church. They made their home at "Tschuppis" along with Jakob's elder brother, **Christian Kunz (1767-1838)**, and his family. **Niklaus Kunz (1764-1832)**, their eldest brother, lived with his family nearby at "Rossacker."
- The first son and daughter of Jakob and Margaritha Kunz died a few months after birth, and a second son was born in 1802. Their third son, **JOHANNES KUNZ (1803-1871)**, known by his posterity in the United States as **John Kunz I**, was born on the "Tschuppis" farm on September 16, 1803. Tragedy struck the family at "Tschuppis" on Christmas day in 1818 when shortly before she turned forty years of age, Margaritha Klossner Kunz died, giving premature birth to her eleventh child, who was stillborn. At the time of her death, **Johannes** was just 15 years old, his youngest brother not quite three. The anguish and despair which Jakob Kunz sensed through the early loss of his wife and the mother of his eight surviving children mellowed only through his devoutness and piety.
- 62-year old widower "Tschuppis **JAKOB**" [Kunz] remarried (summer 1837). His second wife, **Susanna Weissmueller Zumbrunnen Kunz (1785-1846)** was the widow of **David Weissmueller** of **Wimmis** and **Johannes Zumbrunnen (1769-1836)** of **Erlenbach** in **Simmental**.
- As upright and God-fearing members of the Reformed Church, **Jakob** and **Susanna Kunz** continued their practice of regular reading in the Bible. According to family tradition, they particularly concerned themselves with a comparison between the teachings of their pastor and their own interpretation of the true gospel of Christ as they had understood it through studying the scriptures. Imbued with their faith, they agreed that whichever one died first would return and inform the remaining partner whether or not the true gospel was on the earth.
- ...upon **Jakob Kunz's** death at **Enetkirel** (where he had moved from "Tschuppis") in **Zwischenflüh** on November 13, 1841, **Susanna** waited by his coffin to receive his message. Discouraged after three days of waiting to no avail, **Susanna** expressed her disappointment "Ach! Der kommet der neut."<sup>34</sup> ("I guess he is not coming to let me know.") After uttering her disheartenment, she heard the voice of her deceased husband, who told her that he could not communicate with her until she spoke first ("Yes, I've been here all along but I could not speak until you spoke first. Religion is important. Our children will find the truth") and that indeed, "The true gospel was on the earth" and that their posterity would accept it. The gospel had been restored to the earth some eleven years prior to that time. **Johannes Kunz (John I)**, son of **Jakob**, passed this account on to his children and grandchildren and by them it is known to his posterity. (recorded by **Robert Kunz**, **Paul Nielson**, **Foster Kunz**, and also related by **Douglas Larsen**)
- **JOHN KUNZ THE FIRST JOINS THE CHURCH.** Twenty-one years later, in 1862, **Jacob's** son, **JOHN KUNZ I**, and grand daughter **Rosina**, found the gospel and were baptized. **Rosina** had been suffering from a persistent spine or back ailment which doctors had not been able to cure. According to one account, her brother, **John Kunz II**, who was already high in the Alps making cheese, heard of a religion, the representatives of which had the power to heal through faith and administrations. He is reported to have written a letter to his father telling him of this Church. **John Kunz I** made contact with Elder **Ulrich Buhler**, who lived near **Thun**.

March, 1789:  
Exactly one month  
after Jakob and  
Margaritha  
Kunz's marriage,  
Napoleon's troops  
began their  
occupation of  
Bern and the  
Republic.

In 1841 there were  
19,856 members of  
the church, 2  
stakes, and 2  
missions. That  
number would fill  
only about 1/3 of  
the BYU football  
stadium!!

In 1862 there were 68,780 members of the church, 4 stakes and 7 missions. This is just about 3000 more than would fit in the BYU football stadium, or the number of attendees and participants at one night of the 1997 Sesquicentennial Extravaganza.

Elder Buhler was the Presiding Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in that area and was a native of Switzerland. Brother Buhler told the story of the restoration to John Kunz I and Rosina. John listened and recognized the truth of the restored gospel. Brother Buhler administered to Rosina for her health and promised that she would be made well. Through the blessing and her own faith, Rosina became entirely well, and on June 22, 1862 she and her father, John Kunz I were baptized members of the Church by Elder Ulrich Buhler. (Paul A. Nielson)

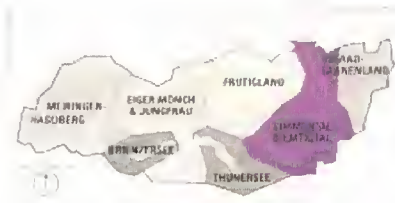


Elder Ulrich Buhler

JOHN II, upon hearing that his father and sister had joined the Mormon Church—about which there were many false rumors circulating—said that he wished the pen with which he had written his father [about the missionaries] had been in the bottom of the ocean. He continued to resist and oppose the Church, and on one occasion joined an angry mob of men from the area who went to his father's home intent on driving the Mormon missionaries who were there out of the area. His father refused to let members of the mob into his home, and told them the only way they could reach the missionaries was over his dead body. Looking out through the open top half of his two-part door, he saw his son among them. He told him in a firm voice that he should leave and go to his home without causing trouble. John II retreated. Missionaries continued to visit the home of John Kunz I in relative safety.

#### Places we need to know

- Bern Canton (Switzerland), a state which includes the Bernese Oberland—high in the Bernese Alps.
- Niederstocken—home of Peter and Johanna Eggen Straubhaar (there are also towns in the vicinity called "Oberstocken" & "Hinterstocken." "Ober" means "above, aloft," "Hinter" means "behind" or "after." "Nieder" means "low or below." The Stockholm mountain chain is nearby and is clearly visible. Those "stockens" are likely named in relation to the Stockholm. (In his missionary journal, John III writes about seeing the old "stocken") See map below.



The Bernese Oberland

- Diemtigen—city/village in Diemtig Valley (The pastor in Diemtigen noted that John Kunz II was engaged as a cheese maker in Amsoldingen, a village halfway between Thun and Niederstocken.)
- Zwischenflüh, a hamlet/region of the Diemtig Valley (Diemtigal) in Bern Canton

"Diemtigen is a political and ecclesiastical community covering the Diemtigen valley or the Diemtig Canyon within the Canton of Bern. It is divided into seven areas among which are the villages of Oey Zwischenflueh, Riedern, Schwenden, and Niederstocken. The entire Diemtigen area is only one valley in the vast Bernese Oberland. Oey is a typical Swiss village nestled in the lower portion of the valley. At this point, the Filderich, a low rushing river, flows down from the Diemtigal fed from countless high mountain streams.

"The valley varies in width from a few hundred yards to a few miles with smaller valleys going off in either direction from the main valley. Today the road winds around hills and mountains following the river with the valley opening up at intervals as one climbs higher into the mountains. High mountains rise on both sides, some covered with dense tall pines, others appear to be solid rock. Most are steep and rise to impressive heights.

"In the distance, the tall rugged Alps covered with snow are clearly visible. Every ravine carries a rushing stream of cold water tumbling down steep slopes and over shining rocks.

"After leaving the Filderichbach, the road follows the Kirelbach, a rather large stream one or two feet in depth and eight or ten feet in width. Zwischenflueh has a post office and school house today and a number of small homes in the valley. From Zwischenflueh the road follows along the side of the mountain with



Simmental-Diemtigal [Niederstocken in foreground]

The Simmental, which derives its name from the "seven springs" of the Simmen source, stretches from the narrow part of the valley near Wimmis up to the foot of the Wildstrubel massif. Nestling between the Niesen and the Stockhorn chains, the Simmental is one of the mildest, most fertile and longest of all the valleys in the Bernese Oberland. It is...bordered by beautiful farmland, delightful villages and lush fields and meadows. —(Travel Brochure) Diemtigal branches off and up (which in this map is south rather than north) from the Simmental. Thun is indicated in the foreground. Amsoldingen lies part way between Thun and Niederstocken, but is not identified on this map.

steep drop-offs to the side. About one and a half miles above Zwischenflueh are the old Kunz homes "im oden." Here nestled in a narrow valley high in the mountains is a relatively flat saddle-like area between two mountains where the Kunz families built their homes and lived."<sup>35</sup>

- Thun—city where Ulrich Buhler was found by John I and his daughter in their search for the gospel
- "Tschuppis" farm—home of Jacob Kunz, father of John I
- "Schwand" farm—in lower area of the Diemtig Valley (valley/canyon), where John Kunz I later lived
- upper "Blatten" farm—a part of the Diemtig Valley; the home of Susanna and Jakob Klossner, Johannes' niece and nephew, who were also faithful members of the Church;
- lower "Blatten" farm—where John III, Magdalena and family lived, near the "Schwand" farm; a part of the Diemtig Valley
- "Moos" farm at Riedern—home of John Kunz II and his son, Johann Gottfried Kunz; also referred to as in Simmental. [I don't know Swiss or enough German to make a reasonable conclusion, even so, isn't it delightful that dairying people lived on a farm called "Moos"?]



This is Zwyschenflueh  
This is where John Kunz the  
first had his home also his  
son Christian had his home  
here.

Note written on  
the back of photo  
by Grandpa  
William J. Kunz



William J. Kunz ancestors' baptism dates

John Kunz I, son of Jacob Kunz; John Kunz II, eldest son of John Kunz I; John Kunz III, oldest son of John Kunz I, William John, oldest son of John Kunz III

bap. 22 Jun 1862-H bap. 15 Nov 1868-W	bap. 22 Feb 1869-H bap. 22 Feb 1869-W	bap. 15 Nov 1868-H bap. 15 Nov 1868-W	bap. 04 Jun 1873-H bap. 04 Oct 1880-W
 	 	 	 
John Kunz I † [no picture available] Rosina Klossner Kunz	John Kunz II Rosina Knutti Kunz	John Kunz III Magdalena Straubhaar Kunz [no picture available]	William J. Kunz Annie Schmid Kunz

PROBABLE BAPTISM SITE OF JOHN III, MAGDALENA & ROSINA KL. KUNZ



Photo by Scott Swofford, 1995

"Maeniggrundbach," the likely place of baptism of John III, his wife Magdalena, and his grandmother, Rosina K. Kunz on November 15, 1868. William J. was probably baptized here, also.

Debby Swofford, daughter of Larry P. and Tess Kunz, writes: "Surely the area of Zwieschenflueh looks much the same as when our relatives lived there. Paul [Nielson] pointed out several chalets where the children of our ancestors or their brothers and sisters live. The grazing fields on the sides of these mountains are trimmed and fawn green next to leafy trees and pines. Up the narrow canyon to the Kunz homes we stopped to hike to the only likely place for baptism here. It is secluded and deep enough. The water whirls in the aqua pool. It is believed likely that John III and others were baptized here by Karl G. Maeser and [Willard B. Richards]. ...It looked glacier cold!"

ROAD BETWEEN THE TWO KUNZ HOMES—"SCHWAND"

LOWER PART OF VALLEY CALLED "SCHWAND"

Road where the coffin of William John's great grandfather John Kunz I was drawn. [1871] Five-year old William J. remembered riding on the coffin from the home to the place of burial. One account says this was an honor that befell him as the oldest great-grandson, since John I's oldest son (John II) was not present, having emigrated to America, and neither was his oldest grandson (John III), who was away serving border duty. Another version explains that while the place of honor would have been to walk behind the casket, the five-year old boy was placed *on* it because it would have been too great a distance for him to have walked.



Photo by Scott Swofford, 1995

† Did not emigrate to America

## Chapter Four

### The Pioneer Life

#### Food, Clothing and Family Activities

The Pioneer Life (excerpts from the family history compiled by Foster M. Kunz and Devirl Kunz, sons of Amy M. Kunz. It includes memories written by the children of Uncle Johnny and Aunt Mary—descriptive information concerning the “pioneer life” our own grandparents and parents lived. So much is applicable to them, and is thus included here as a matter of interest—especially the references to life at Williamsburg. These are the “double-cousins” of the children of William J. and Annie Kunz. The activities described are essentially the same for both families.)

by Amy Kunz [Aunt Mamie]; daughter of Mary, the sister of Annie Schmid Kunz, and John William Kunz [Uncle Johnny]

I would like our grandchildren and great-grandchildren to know something of the foods we prepared, how they were made, and the clothes we made and wore....

When we were small and growing up in Bern and Williamsburg, we churned butter from the cream produced by our cows. Just before the cream would turn to butter, it would become thick like whipped cream. We enjoyed spreading it on bread then covering this with a light sprinkling of sugar and cinnamon. This made a tasty treat which we thoroughly enjoyed.

Mother would render gallons of butter which we then used as shortening for frying potatoes, eggs, fish, sage hen, chicken and meats. Rendered butter could be kept for long periods.

In Williamsburg, we had a lot of mountain trout which we caught in the streams near our home. Sage hens were plentiful and the boys enjoyed hunting them. They were delicious, especially the young tender birds.

We also made ice cream from time to time. One of the boys would take a pack horse into the higher wooded areas above our home and get a pack saddle full of snow from snow drifts among the pines. Salt crystals used for livestock were mixed with the snow to freeze the fresh cream we had in abundance. The cream was placed in a smaller container which was then placed in a large bucket filled with the snow and salt crystals. The small container with the cream was spun back and forth until the ice cream had formed to the right consistency. Mother liked to eat bread with her ice cream.

#### Making Cheese

...The cheese was made in a large double vat which would hold hundreds of pounds of milk. My job was to see that the milk was heated to 84 degrees, at which point I added coloring and rennet in the exact amount required depending on the volume of milk. The coloring turned the milk to a light yellow color, and the rennet curdled the milk into a solid thick layer which came to the top and separated from the whey. After the coloring and rennet were added, we stirred the milk carefully using a special metal scoop which had a blade about 10 inches in width and a short handle just long enough to hold it while stirring.

After this was done, the milk was left to solidify. The solid milk was then cut with special rectangular knives about 8" by 20" in size. Each knife had thin wires spaced about 1 inch apart. In one knife, the wires were horizontal, and in the other, they were vertical. Using these knives, we were able to cut the solidified milk into cubes. When heated again and gently stirred, the curds of cheese would form.

When the curds reached the proper texture, determined by squeezing a handful together and placing it against a hot rod, it was then ready to be removed from the vat. If the curd made fine strings as it was pulled from the hot rod, it was “ripe” and ready to be removed. It was then dipped out of the vat and into a wooden sink (about 3' by 6' and perhaps 8 inches deep).

A large curd cloth, placed in the sink, let the whey drain from the curd. Salt was added and the curd stirred to cure. Then it was placed in large hoops and pressed to form the cheese. Every once in a while the press was tightened, compressing the curd and squeezing out the rest of the whey from the curd. The cheese was left in the press overnight.



Amy M. Kunz  
“Aunt Mamie”

*“Cheese so good you  
could hear the angels  
sing when you ate it!”*

—George S. Kunz

George Kunz adds: “...the next morning it was removed from the hoops and put into the drying room which was cool and dark with wide shelves.” About three times a week the cheeses would be turned over. After sixty days the cheese was dipped in hot paraffin, ready to sell. Of course it could still continue aging until it became “so sharp it would melt in your mouth I remember when it sold for 10¢ a pound. Cheese so good you could hear the angels sing when you ate it!”

We made two different sizes of cheese. Young Americans weighed about 10 pounds each, while the large-cart-wheels weighed from 23 to 25 pounds. Fiametta and I each had to make four cheese cloths daily when we were old enough to do it. These were made from large bolts of gauze-like material. The cloth used for the large cheese was a tubing which had to be cut and tucked together on one end.

Sheep men and ranchers traveling through Williamsburg would often give us a half mutton in return for meals mother prepared for them. In addition, we always had plenty of beef, huge stores of cheese, milk, some eggs and plenty of butter. We didn't have a garden because the growing season was too short, so we didn't have many fresh vegetables. However, we had plenty of potatoes and we ate them with every meal.

When a young beef was killed for food, we used nearly all edible parts. We ate the heart and liver from all beef and enjoyed them. We even made food called "tripe" from the stomach muscles of young beef. The muscle was cleaned thoroughly, then boiled and the inside lining removed, after which thick pieces of meat were cut into small pieces suitable for serving. These were cooked thoroughly and pickled in vinegar. The result was a tasty item which we enjoyed. We also boiled beef tongue and sliced it for sandwiches.

When we killed a pig, we made delicious "head cheese" from the meat on the jaws and around the head of the animal. To this was added fat, salt and pepper, and all of it was ground together. Then we formed it into a tasty mold which could be sliced for individual servings as desired. We also pickled pig knuckles and preserved them for later use. We made some sausage and bologna from meat scraps and fat. These were seasoned and smoked.

We made our own laundry soap by boiling large vats of fat in which we poured lye. When the mixture cooled, we cut the solid product into bars and stored them for use in washing our clothes.

We also made starch from raw potatoes which were grated like powder. Then we poured boiling water over the grated potatoes. The liquid was drained off and bottled for use in starching clothes.

My mother was an excellent seamstress. By the time she came to America at [11] years of age, she and Aunt Annie who was then about [16] years old, had already passed certain requirements as seamstresses. Mother brought with her a piece of linen about twelve inches by eighteen inches in size which had beautiful hand stitching, neatly sewed button holes and embroidery stitches of all kinds. She had been taught to do this work in her school in Switzerland, and was required to demonstrate her ability to pass the class....

Mother's father was an excellent tailor. He was particular with his work and did beautiful sewing. Mother made nearly all our clothes. They were well made and fit perfectly. I remember that she also made dresses for Lucy, Hazel and others. She made her own clothes.

### ***Life at Williamsburg***

by Vera Kunz Knutti

Our family continued to go to Williamsburg each year until I was 18 years old at which time my father sold the ranch. It was always a happy and pleasant experience to move to the dairies. I don't know why because there was a lot of work involved, and it placed a heavy burden on father. But each Spring we were excited as we planned for the move and looked forward to it. We prepared for weeks before each move. We prepared foods, bedding, clothes, equipment and we took with us everything necessary to sustain us for a time after we arrived. We made large piles of dry noodles, for example. Mother [Mary Schmid Kunz] had done this before she passed away and we continued to do it. From large amounts of dough, rolled into sheets and dried, we cut thin strips of noodles. After it was thoroughly dried, we would put it in flour sacks. One time we had to put it in clean pillow cases because we had opened and hemmed all the flour sacks for use as dish towels. We generally had enough noodles to last all Summer at Williamsburg.

We used to buy Bear Brand Syrup in 2 or 3 gallon cans which had large lids. Two or three of these would be filled with cookies to eat on the way out. We also made many loaves of bread and

Annie's and Mary's brother Robert didn't ever want to become a *tailor*, like his father. When he was a small child and attending school, the boys played marble games. He didn't have marbles, so he cut the buttons off his trousers in order to play. When he went home, his mother made him sew them back on. This happened more than once! Tailoring was *not* something he enjoyed! [As related by Anna Vigos to her brothers and sisters.]

filled two or three 10-gallon milk cans with baked bread so we would have plenty for the trip and for a time after we arrived.

We usually took three or four wagons loaded with supplies, crates of chickens and even pigs. Pigs were placed in one of the lower beds of a wagon and the chickens in crates above them. We also took a buggy which Rhoda normally drove with the small children. Irevia used to drive one of the wagons, and I remember how it worried her. Father would give her instructions and caution her to exercise care. She was always concerned about fording the Blackfoot River, and it was a great relief for her and the rest of us when we safely crossed this river. The wagons and buggy would lead out ahead of the cattle. Father and the older boys would bring the cattle behind us. ...

At meal time, father would leave the boys with the cattle and would come help us prepare the meals. At night we would build a fire, cook our meal and make camp. Our first stop was generally up Georgetown Canyon at the big Spring. Uncle August, Aunt Emma and Uncle Will would come join us, and after supper we would sing and have a great time.

We tried to reach Slug Creek the next night. If it was raining, we would pull our wagons into a large barn on the Bennion ranch near there. From this place we would go on to Williamsburg the next day. We were always happy to reach Dave's Hill from which we could see the dairy in the distance. This was a happy occasion, and when we arrived we were very glad to be there.

Our home and other buildings had to be cleaned and made ready for use on our arrival. Sometimes people would stop there during the Winter. One time someone had chopped up our chairs for firewood. Each Fall we stored our cheese hoops and other dairy supplies in the attic over the drying room. All had to be assembled and put together so we could make cheese again. There was a lot of work to be done, but we enjoyed this beautiful area, and we didn't mind the work. My father was a good organizer and he would outline the work to be done. Each of us knew what we had to do, and we did it.

Since there was only one bedroom in the house, Irevia and I would often sleep in a sheep camp next to the bedroom door and near the "Drying Room." The boys would sleep in a bunkhouse located just South of our home. There was a long narrow stove in the bunkhouse. The top would turn to one side so wood could be put in. We used it for cooking when needed, and I remember making candy on it.

The wood floors in our home were not covered. We would scrub them with lye water, then rinse with clear water. When dried they would be almost white. Later we put linoleum around the stove. ... We made a lot of cheese and always had a drying room full of it. ... During the Summer father would take loads of cheese to Soda Springs and Montpelier where he would sell or trade it for supplies. We were left alone in Williamsburg during these trips. I am sure it was a big worry to him, but we took care of things while he was gone.

### **Summers in Williamsburg**

by Denzil A. Kunz

*"Each Spring in early May, father and the boys would ride to Fish Haven to gather cows and dry stock from people who lived on the West side of Bear Lake. We would take a team of horses, a buggy, riding horses and dogs. We carried a "grub" box and other supplies in the buggy. We pitched their tents on property just North of the resort area where they would stay overnight." At night a big fire was built and they cooked their meals on it. People would come from the surrounding area to talk to their father. He was well known among the communities along the Lake. In the next two days, cows, calves and dry stock were gathered from the farmers who didn't have enough feed for the stock during the Summer and from those who wanted the cheese which would be produced from the milk of their cows.*

As each animal was brought in, his father [Uncle Johnny] made detailed notes in a notebook which described the brands and markings on every animal. Denzil remembers how his father would sit on his horse with one leg wrapped around the saddle horn so he could make notes as the stock was brought in. The name of the owner of every animal was carefully recorded so that in the Fall each animal could be returned to its rightful owner. In this manner, they would receive



hundreds of head of livestock to take to the dairies each Spring. Cows which were in production or "with calf" were taken "on shares" meaning that cheese produced from their milk would be shared with the owners. Cows and cattle were loaned by the Hansens, Madsens, Osmonds, Batemans, Pugmires and many others.

Cows, dry stock, wagons and all supplies were gathered together in Bern ready for the long drive and move to Williamsburg. In later years, Rulon and John S. went to Wardboro where they gathered dry cattle from the Keetch families. These cattle were taken to Georgetown where they joined with those being brought from the Lake and Bern by his father, Denzil, Delphin and Dan.

East of Georgetown at the Big Spring, the wagons and cattle would stop for their first night. Cattle were "bedded down" in this staging area where a large corral was later built by the government. Before the corral was built, one of the young men had to watch during the night to hold back any cows or calves who attempted to leave. They also had to watch that animals didn't stray out and leave the herd.

Later other ranchers going to the feeding areas in Williamsburg, Dry Valley and Diamond Creek followed the same routes and used the same facilities which had been used by the Kunz families for years.

Normally the family took about 500 head of "dry stock" and 100 to 125 head of milking cows to Williamsburg each Summer.

In the early Spring when these moves were made, grass was just beginning to grow. There was usually snow over the Georgetown Divide. Sometimes they had difficulties getting their wagons through. It was always a cold, wet and miserable trip to make. Parley Peterson, Uncle August Schmid, Ernest Joneli and others would help from time to time either driving a wagon or helping with the stock.

...father was an expert in riding and handling horses and cattle. He insisted that the boys always watch to prevent losing calves who, when they were tired, would lie down in the bushes along side of the road. It was difficult to trail that much livestock over the 50 miles from Bern to Williamsburg. Riders had to be moving along side of the herd, in front at times, and always in the rear to be sure cattle were not lost.

The second night out was usually spent at Slug Creek with the Schmid family until they moved away. He remembered how happy they were to be with their relatives at the Schmid home, and how good Grandpa and Grandma Schmid were to his father and mother and everyone. These were great occasions which were enjoyed by all. The Schmid's were a loving family, and they enjoyed these visits from his parents [Johnny and Mary] and also when Uncle Will and Aunt Annie and their family would stop in their travels to Williamsburg. Later when the Schmid's had sold their ranch, overnight stops were made at the Bennion ranch where there was a big barn, a large fenced area and water.

As the herd and wagons approached the Lower Dairy, they stopped at Lane's Creek where dry cattle were separated from the milk cows. The milk cows were taken on to the dairy and the dry stock was moved off into the grazing areas.

In the Fall of each year, the family would move back to Bern the same way they went out each Spring. Cattle were first brought in from the ranges where they had been grazing. This would take many days. They were all brought to pasture land near the home, wagons were loaded again with smaller animals and supplies, and the trek back home would once again begin. Someone generally had to stay behind at the dairy to look after the cheese which was not taken with the first loads; also to care for a few animals which might not have been able to travel because of sickness or injury. Their mother [Mary] would often stay behind to keep watch until their father would return. She would keep the little tots under school age, and those old enough to go to school would return with their father and the wagons and cattle. When they arrived in Bern, his father and the older boys would take the cows and dry stock back to their owners up South and along the Lake. After this, he would then return to Williamsburg to pick up the remainder of the family and the remainder of their supplies. ...

[They]were] paid \$3.00 per head for grazing dry livestock. Later this was increased to \$5.00 per head. Owners of milking cows were given about half the cheese produced from the milk of their cows. Some cows came with calves, others did not have calves. The latter were called "strippers" and had to be milked each day while they were traveling.

Crossing the Blackfoot River was a hazardous experience. This crossing was always feared and dreaded. The water was deep and flowing at a rapid rate where they made their crossing. Calves and smaller stock would have to swim and it was necessary for one or two of the riders to be in the river below the herd to keep animals from being pushed downstream by the current.

...[There] were a lot of people passing through Williamsburg or going to and from the ranges near by. Residents from Star Valley, Freedom and Afton came through often. Among those he remembered were the Robinsons, Rainey and Lallatins. The Robinsons trailed large herds of cattle from Star Valley to Soda Springs each Fall. Many of these and others would stop as they traveled through to get supplies or fruit from Cache Valley. Parley Price, the Butlers, Charlie and Walter Steadman, Nels Davis and their families would come and stay for days. Whenever visitors were there, they would join with the family in the evening to sing songs and have fun. He [Denzil] said his father and mother both had good voices and loved to sing. Everyone would gather around the organ and sing together. ...

After they had finished singing, his father would invite all who were there, whether they were rough sheepmen, cattlemen, or whoever, to join with the family in their evening prayers. Everyone would kneel on the hard wooden floors around the table, at a long bench, or next to an old trunk they had, and his father would offer the prayer. Never did anyone refuse to join with the family in prayer. ...

Uncle Will and Aunt Annie were very kind to his father and the family. Aunt Annie would spin yarn, make mittens, darn stockings and make other articles of clothing to help out as much as possible. She often invited all of them to her home for meals, and she always remembered their birthdays. He said that Aunt Emma Kunz who was president of the Relief Society was like an angel to the family. The whole Relief Society would often come to their home after their mother's death, and they would sew, patch clothes, or do anything the family needed to have done.



AT THE MIDDLE DAIRY  
—Annie, Libby, Sophie, Mabel, Myrtle,  
Joseph, Willard, William holding  
Lestie



AT THE MIDDLE DAIRY  
Back- Thelma Eschler, Foster Kunz,  
Drusilla Kunz, Vera Kunz, Verona  
Schmid, 3 Steadman girls, Verda Eschler  
Front- Devirl Kunz, Glen Kunz, Max  
Eschler, Steadman Baby



*"The Boys"*

Joseph  
Benjamin  
"Pa"—William J.  
Willard  
Leslie



*"The Gals"*

Myrtle  
Sylvie  
Libby  
"Ma"—Annie  
Sophie  
Ivy  
Mabel

# *Four-generations...*



Grandpa, Anona, Deanna, Uncle Ben



Aunt Sylvia, Mom, Grandma, Peter



Aunt Libby, Thelma, Grandma, Stephen

## *Memorial Day visit at Myrtle's in Bern*



Front Alf Jensen, Greg Westenhaver, Judy Leak, Glendon Leak, Jimmy T. Mariano, Verda Eshler & Dennis Leak? [about 1956]  
Back Mabel Thomas, Ronald Ashley, Larry Kunz, Blaine Kunz, Betty Westenhaver, Libby Eschler, Elaine J. Bolton, Verita Paget, Dorothy Mariano, Lois Bateman, Sophie Bateman, Gordon Bolton



## *The more we get together...*



Front: Aunt Ivy & Stephen Banks [Montpelier]  
Betty, Wayne, Myrtle, Carma, Alf, Joe—[I'm not sure! sorry!]



Duane, Joan & daughters at Myrtle's



Libby, Sophie, Myrtle, Ivy. [Paul, Idaho]



Below  
Mabel, Sylvie, Sophie, Libby, Myrtle, Ivy. [Bern Idaho]

Below, right  
Mabel, Myrtle, Libby, Ivy • Sylvia, Annie, Sophie



*The Girls*

## Appendix

### People, places, and things...

These entries appear in Andrew Jenson's *LDS Biographical Encyclopedia*, Vol. 4, on page 534:

#### **Kunz, John, sen. (2)**

Kunz, John, sen., presiding Elder of the Bern Ward, Montpelier Stake, Idaho, from 1878 to 1890, was born Jan. 2, 1823, in Bern, Switzerland, the son of Johann Kunz and Rosine Catherine Klossner. He came to Utah in 1870 and was ordained a Bishop June 3, 1878, by Charles C. Rich. He died Feb. 16, 1890.

#### **Kunz, John, jun. (3)**

Kunz, John, jun., Bishop of the Bern Ward, Montpelier Stake, Idaho, from 1890 to 1915, was born Feb. 7, 1844, in Diemtigen, Canton Bern, Switzerland, the son of Johann Kunz and Rosina Knutti. He was baptized Nov. 15, 1868, came to Idaho in 1873, and filled a mission to Switzerland and Germany in 1884-1886. He was ordained a High Priest June 15, 1890, by Wm. Budge, and a Bishop Nov. 10, 1890, by John W. Taylor. He died Jan. 16, 1918.

Foster M. Kunz  
record

#### **Summary of Marriages and children of John Kunz 3:**

1. Magdalena Straubhaar, married 11 November 1864, bore five children: William J., Johann Jacob, Rosina Katharina, John William and Magdalena Matilda. Magdalena died 22 May 1874.
2. Sophia Straubhaar, married October 26, 1874 following the death of Magdalena. Sophia adopted one child and reared the three living children of Magdalena - William J., Rosina and John William. Sophia died 25 October 1893.
3. Magdalena Linder, married November 2, 1874, bore four children: Mary Magdalena, Catherine, Eliza Rosetta and Wilford John. Magdalena died February 6, 1920.
4. Louisa Weibel, married November 8, 1883, bore no children of her own, but reared the five living children of Elizabeth Boss who died May 13, 1900.
5. Margaret Lauener, married September 5, 1888, bore ten children: Charles Crockett, Lovina Hannah, Abel Chester, Heber Christian, Melvin, Milton Lyman, Jessie Amasa, George Sidney, Ursula Grace and Lula. Margaret died March 19, 1949.
6. Elizabeth Boss, married December 19, 1888, bore six children: Agnes Ruth, Julia Esther, Parley Peter, Hedwig Hazel, Lucy May and Lydia. Elizabeth died May 13, 1900.

#### **Bern Ward**

##### **Andrew Jenson, Church Chronology**

**June 1, 1878 (Saturday) & June 9, 1878 (Sunday)**

Berne, Bear Lake Co., Idaho, was organized as a branch of the Church, with John Kunz, sen., as president. The branch was organized into a Ward in 1890.

Andrew Jenson, *Encyclopedic History of the Church...*, p.61

BERN WARD, Montpelier Stake, Bear Lake Co., Idaho, consists of Latter-day Saints residing in the small settlement of Bern, situated on the west side of Bear River, about six miles northwest of Montpelier. Most of the inhabitants of Bern are of Swiss origin and the little town is named after Bern, the capital of Switzerland. The entire population of Bern are Latter-day Saint farmers and stock-raisers.

Bern was first settled in August, 1873, by the Kunz family, who came out to improve a ranch which Apostle Charles C. Rich had located some time previously. The first settlers of Bern attended meetings at Ovid, and when the Bear Lake Stake of Zion was fully organized in 1877, Bern was continued as part of the Ovid Ward. In 1878 John Kunz, sen., was set apart as president

Chronology for the  
same date  
• Grasshoppers did  
considerable  
damage in Utah.  
• O. Porter Rockwell  
died in Salt Lake  
City.

of the Bern Branch. He acted in that capacity until his death, which occurred Feb. 16, 1890. After his demise John Kunz, jun., acted as presiding Elder until Nov. 10, 1890, when he was ordained a Bishop and set apart to preside at Bern, which on that occasion was changed from a branch to a ward. Bishop Kunz was succeeded in 1915 by Robert Schmid, who on July 13, 1930, was succeeded by Parley P. Kunz, who still presided Dec. 31, 1930. On that date the ward membership was 147, including 33 children. (Robert Schmid is a brother to Annie Schmid Kunz; Parley P. Kunz is a brother to William J. Kunz.)



Bishop  
Robert Schmid

### Steamship *Manhattan*



Single-screw steamship: 2869 tons:  
335 x 43 x 28 feet

Built 1866 by Palmer's  
Shipbuilding & Iron Co. at  
Newcastle, England

#### Family members sailing on the *Manhattan*

- July 13, 1870. John Kunz II and his party. Arrived in Utah August 5, 1870. Karl G. Maeser, returning from his assignment as Mission President of the Swiss-German mission was also on this sailing and led the 269 members of this company of emigrants on to Salt Lake. "Six emigrant companies—totaling 1308 Saints—crossed the Atlantic aboard the steamer *Manhattan* of the Guion Line. These companies ranged in size from 35 to 482, and the passages from Liverpool to New York averaged 14.7 days. The first voyage began on 21 Jun 1867, and the last on 4 December 1872....Among the prominent Mormons who traveled aboard this ship were Dr. Karl G. Maeser, a prominent Utah educator, and Lorin Farr, mayor of Ogden, Utah, for many years....she was a sharp model with three decks, an iron hull, inverted engines, two masts, one funnel, a clipper bow, and a speed of 10 knots. She accommodated 72 first- and 800 third-class passengers."<sup>36</sup>

#### Andrew Jensen, *Church Chronology*, 13 July 1870

"The steamship *Manhattan* sailed from Liverpool, England with 269 British, German and Swiss Saints, under the charge of Karl G. Maser. The company arrived at New York July 26th, and at Salt Lake City Aug. 5."

"With the combination of steamship travel and the railroad—replacing sailing vessels and wagon trains—the journey in 1869 from Europe to the Deseret Territory was cut from three to five months, to about 24 days. By 1877, the trip was about 17 days, says Richard L. Jensen, associate professor in the BYU Joseph Fielding Smith Institute for Church History." [*Church News*, July 5, 1997, p 13]

### Steamship *Nevada*

#### Family members sailing on the *Nevada*

- July 10, 1873. John Kunz III and his party. Arrived in Utah August 1, 1873 [See "Sailing date..." for further information.]



Single-screw  
steamship: 3125  
tons: 345 x 43 x 28  
feet  
Built 1868 by  
Palmer's  
Shipbuilding &  
Iron Co. at  
Newcastle,  
England

- 17 May 1886. Karl and Anna Landert Schmid and three children [date left Switzerland; exact sail date not known. Twenty-two days after leaving Switzerland, they arrived in Montpelier, Idaho, on the 9th of June, 1886]

This steamship was built with an iron hull, three decks, two masts brig-rigged, one funnel, and inverted engines. ... The steamer ran between Liverpool, her home port, and New York. Among the thousands of emigrants who came to America in this vessel were James E. Talmage, later an apostle, and Niels C. Sonne, forbear of two general authorities...[Nevada] averaged 11.5 days on her thirty-five passages. ...Her speed was 11 knots....<sup>37</sup>

"Three Guion Line steamships carried a third of all Mormon emigrants to America....During the years between 1840 and 1890 three steamships transported almost one-third of the Latter-day Saint emigrants across the oceans to America." Of the three vessels...the British steamer Nevada had the second largest total of Mormon passengers, numbering 9,600. It made 35 known passages. "...The Wyoming made at least 38 voyages and brought more than 10,000 Latter-day Saints across the Atlantic...the Wisconsin carried some 8,900 Saints in 33 crossings."<sup>38</sup>

### Sailing date John Kunz 3<sup>rd</sup> w/family

Some question has arisen as to the sail/arrival dates of John Kunz III and his family. It is told in our family that they left soon after Grandpa William J.'s baptism in June, 1873, and arrived at Aunt Rosie K. Morrell's place in Logan on 4 July 1873. There was a sailing of the Nevada on June 4, 1873, arriving in New York on June 16. However, the ship's manifest list of passengers and other sources show the following:

[23 days from  
Liverpool  
to Utah]

**Note from Phillip Kunz:**  
"Grandpa [John III] and family sailed on 10 Jul 1873 from Liverpool on the Nevada. They arrived in New York 23 Jul 1873 and in Utah 1 Aug 1873.

"The Millennial Star Vol 35, p 459 & 60 is a letter from E. A. Box, who was in charge for the Church. Writing to President A. Carrington, he says: 'We organized four Wards,...and brother John Kunz

was appointed chaplain, and brother Abraham Baumann captain of the guard for the Swiss Saints.' Baumann is listed on the roster of passengers on the ship, as are the other Kunzes except I cannot find John on the list. This matches the list from Der Stern...." —Phillip Kunz.

Der Stern, Vol 5, July 1873, pp 111–112  
excerpt from "Auswanderungsliste für 1873."

Kunz, Johannes, von Zwischenflüh  
— " Magdal, "  
— " J. Wilh., "  
— " R. Kath., "  
— " Johannes, "  
— " Rosa Katharina, (Mutter), von Zwischenflüh

#### Andrew Jensen, Church Chronology, July 10, 1873 (Thursday)

The steamship Nevada sailed from Liverpool, England, with 283 Saints, in charge of Elijah A. Box. The company landed in New York July 23rd, and at Salt Lake City Aug. 1st.

#### From the roster of passengers for that sailing:

2	Magdalena Kuntz	36	F	Wife
3	Joh. W	8	M	child
4	Rosa K	4	F	"
5	Joh.	3	M	"
6	Rosa K	59	F	Wife



### Karl G. Maeser (1828-1901) — Quotes and Biographical Facts

*Karl G. Maeser's association with and influence on the Kunz family is documented by the teaching, baptisms and ordinations recorded for the first Kunz family members who joined the church. He was respected by our Grandparents—in fact Grandpa “renamed” baby Karl August Kunz, changing his name to Karl Maeser Kunz. I heard he did so unbeknownst to Grandma, and I’m not sure that the change stands on the records.*

“Everyone’s life is an object lesson to others,” Maeser told students. “Don’t be a scrub.”

Harold B. Lee, *Stand Ye in Holy Places*, p.117

President Karl G. Maeser spoke of the patriarchal blessings as “paragraphs from the book of your possibilities.” If we read our patriarchal blessings, we will see what the spirit of prophecy has held up to us as to what each of us can become.

Leonard J. Arrington, *BYU Studies*, Vol. 16, No. 4, p.460-63

The first permanent principal [Brigham Young Academy] was Karl G. Maeser. Maeser was born in Saxony, now East Germany, the son of an artist and master painter of Dresden chinaware. After graduation from the public schools in his small town, he was invited to attend the Dresden High School for the gifted, and finally to the Schullerenseminar, where prospective teachers took an intensive curriculum.

His teacher’s diploma completed with high honors, Maeser tutored the children of prominent Protestant families, taught a district school, became headmaster of the Budig Institutes, and married the daughter of the principal of that famous school. Hearing of Mormonism, Maeser sent persistent requests to European Church officials who responded by sending William Budge there in 1858, in spite of considerable personal danger. Knowing they would be “scourged from the city” when their conversion became known, the Maesers and another convert family left Germany in 1858 under cover of darkness.

After two detours, one to Scotland and another to the American southern states to preach the gospel, Maeser finally reached Utah in 1860. He entered the picture just as the educational renaissance provoked by Brigham Young was beginning. Teaching in one of the ward schools in Salt Lake City, the German intellectual got his initiation to the life of a territorial schoolmaster. A saw and a mop as standard equipment for a teacher were strange to Maeser, but he adjusted and began to promote not only an enlarged physical structure but also systematic instruction by which elementary schools would feed students into high schools and colleges.

After small successes, large failures, and interruption for another mission<sup>60</sup>, Maeser was teaching in 1873 at the Twentieth Ward Institute in Salt Lake City, which he had made into a competent teacher training school. In April 1876 an explosion at the old Salt Lake Arsenal on the hills north of Salt Lake City shook the whole northern half of the city, causing extensive damage to the Twentieth Ward schoolhouse. Maeser went at once to report the matter. Finding President Young, he said, “As you can see, I will not be able to teach school until the building is repaired.” “That is all right,” the President answered cheerfully. “I want to give you a mission to teach in the Brigham Young Academy at Provo.” The next day Maeser was formally appointed by the Board.

It is doubtful that Maeser realized fully what he had committed himself to do. Arriving at the academy in

April of 1876, he found a badly run-down building surrounded by a half-built fence, a sparsely furnished office, “no records, not much system, certainly no regularity, the former principal being so busily engaged with his court duties that school began at any time between 9 and 11 o’clock, and sometimes not at all.” He soon learned that the building doubled as an entertainment hall, shaken by round dances on the upper floor while students tried to study downstairs. Only twenty-nine students showed up for Professor Maeser’s first term. The first student to register, incidentally, was Reed Smoot, later to serve for thirty years as United States Senator from Utah. Reed was the son of A. O. Smoot who, as stake president mayor, and chairman of the Board of Trustees, did more than any other person to keep the academy alive during the poorly financed years of the 1880s and 1890s.

#### “...saints, gentlemen, and scholars...”

Maeser’s most formidable challenge was his students. An early student who later distinguished himself as an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court described himself and fellow students then as shoeless, self-sufficient country boys who were careful to wear their hats in the classroom, and, when they weren’t in school, were cutting wood, milking cows, carrying swill to the pigs, currying horses, plowing fields, hocking corn, or picking potatoes. ...Zina Huntington Young, another of Maeser’s early students, described the first upperclassmen as “eager, manly, and ... ignorant.” These were the persons the converted German schoolmaster was supposed to turn into saints, gentlemen, and scholars—in that order.

Without question Maeser was well-chosen for the task. On one rare occasion when he was late for class—because they were always penalized when they were late—some of the boys hurried outside to search the neighborhood for a donkey, which they brought back to the classroom and tied to the teacher’s desk. Then they waited in anxious silence. When the professor finally entered the room and saw the newcomer, he turned to the class and dryly remarked in his thick German accent, “I’m happy you chose the smartest student in the class as my replacement.”

Maeser was more interested in students than in ideas, and his work “bore exceptional fruits in character.” A generation of Mormon leaders remembered Brother Maeser as the promoter of their spiritual and civic achievement. “Everyone’s life is an object lesson to others,” Maeser told students. “Don’t be a scrub.”

As good words about the academy got around, more young students enrolled. By the end of Maeser’s administration, Brigham Young Academy included a kindergarten, an elementary school, a high school featuring teacher training and college preparation, and a college department of offering either four years in academics or three years normal training.

Dr. Maeser’s basic philosophy became the foundation of the Church’s approach to education:

Karl G. Maeser (1828-1901), a German educator who joined the LDS Church and moved to Utah in 1860, was appointed the second principal of Brigham Young Academy, later Brigham Young University, in 1876.

One of these country boys who attended the academy in its early years was J. Golden Kimball, destined to become senior president of the First Council of the Seventy of the Church. This six-foot-three-inch lovable beanpole of a man, who had previously been a freighter and mule skinner, received his training from Dr. Maeser, and it is certain that some of his fire, his tolerance, and his conviction, as well as his creative wit and homespun wisdom, are a product of his days at Brigham Young Academy.

concern for the moral as well as the intellectual well-being of the students. Under Maeser BYA became an institution, with loyalties and alumni, and provided teachers for scores of common schools throughout the West. But Maeser's indelible contribution was the spiritual architecture of the academy. It was his emphasis on practical religion that became a distinctive characteristic of Brigham Young Academy.

Douglas F. Tobler,  
BYU Studies, Vol.  
17, No. 2, p.172

...He [Maeser] had undertaken to prepare a lecture or thesis on the distinctive characteristics of the many and varied churches of the day. By a fortuitous coincidence, during the time of his research he came across a newspaper story relating to the Latter-day Saints, depicting them in a very unfavorable light, even mis-representing them by such epitaphs as fanatical un-Christian-like, dishonest and immoral generally, but the writer of this article, which was intended to be calumnious and derogatory told also of the wonderful growth and development of these strange people in the valley of the Rocky Mountains, of the growing commonwealth they had planted in the desert, of their achievements in agriculture and industrial areas. With the analytical vision of a trained reasoner and moreover with the open and unbiased mind of an honest man, a lover of truth, Karl G. Maeser saw the inconsistency of these contradictory assertions. "I knew," he has said to me many times, "that no people could develop and thrive as the facts showed the Latter-day Saints to have done and at the same time be of a degraded nature and base ideals."

The story of Maeser's investigation of Mormonism and conversion to the Church in 1855 is well-known. The spiritual manifestation which followed the ordinance, the speaking in tongues with Elder Franklin D. Richards, provided a supernatural benediction to Maeser's quest to know of God and his will which nourished him, his family, and his students for several generations. As

• **Charles C. Rich:**  
***his early association with Bear Lake***

Andrew Jensen,  
Encyclopedic  
History of the  
Church..., p.195

In the autumn of 1863 he [Charles C. Rich] explored Bear Lake valley and moved his family there the following spring. He was a natural pioneer and was the leader of the original settlers of that valley, where he resided until his death, continuing to be the main director in the establishment of towns and settlements in that region. Rich county, the extreme northern county of Utah, was named in honor of him. During the early years of the Bear Lake settlements, the only means by which the residents could get their mails from, or have any communication with the valleys farther south, when the snow was deep in the mountains, was by crossing on snow-shoes. When others would shrink from the dangerous undertaking of traversing the mountains at such seasons, when terrific storms prevailed, Brother Rich would set out. His wonderful strength and great powers of endurance, of which he never seemed to know the limit, and his almost intuitive knowledge of the country, always enabled him to go through, though in doing so he sometimes bore fatigue enough to kill an ordinary man. He made many of these hazardous journeys over the mountains; indeed for a number of years that was his usual mode of traveling when going to Salt Lake City to attend the session of the legislature, or returning from the same.

Eduard Schoenfeld observed, from that time Karl G. Maeser was a changed man.

### **Silas Wright**

Silas Wright was a friend of the Kunz family and spoke at both Annie and William's funerals. He was the second president of the Montpelier stake, after having served as bishop and then counselor in the Montpelier Stake presidency.

#### **Biographical Information:**

**Wright, Silas Llynd**, second counselor in the Montpelier Stake presidency, Idaho, from 1919 to 1930+, was born March 16, 1884, in Bennington, Idaho, the son of Silas Wright and Ida Ellen Oakey. He was baptized Aug. 14, 1892, and after being ordained an Elder filled a mission to California in 1906-1908. He was ordained a High Priest and Bishop in March, 1911, by Jos. F. Smith, jun., and presided over the Bennington Ward from 1911 to 1919 or until he was set apart as second counselor in the Montpelier Stake presidency.

At the funeral of William J. Kunz, President Wright related the following: "President Rich was very near to Brother Kunz and his family.

"Joseph Rich (President Rich's father) did all my legal work. When it was done, I asked 'how much do I owe you?' He would always say, 'bring a little piece of cheese.' So all his legal work had been done for a little piece of cheese. He felt he had underpaid, and I suppose Brother Rich felt he had overpaid. But this is how their close association came to be. Many times I would go with President Rich as he just want to stop by Brother and Sister Kunz's to renew the friendship." (Silas Wright quoting William J. Kunz, March 18, 1952. )

### **"Peg Leg" Smith**

In early pioneer days a man known as "Peg Leg" Smith lived on what is now known as Peg Leg Island, a small island in Bear River, between Dingle and Wardboro. He was a mountain trader, a blacksmith and surgeon. On one occasion he made a saw wherewith [p.196] he cut off his own leg, which had been frozen on one of his expeditions. He was still living on his island in Bear River when the Latter-day Saints settled Bear Lake Valley in 1863, occupying two log cabins.

### **Montpelier gets its name**

Andrew Jensen, *Encyclopedic History of the Church...*, p.528

Montpelier was first settled in the spring of 1864 by a number of Latter-day Saint families who had wintered at Paris. Sixteen men with their families arrived on the site of Montpelier about the middle of April, 1864, and took up farming land in what is known as the Montpelier South Field. Soon a townsite was surveyed by Joseph C. Rich, on which the people at once commenced to build. About 30 families spent the winter of 1864-1865 [p.529] in Montpelier, where John Cozzens was the first presiding Elder. An attempt was made to name the place Clover, owing to the extensive fields of wild clover which grew in the locality. Later the name of Bellevue was suggested, but Pres. Brigham Young, who passed

through the valley in 1864, suggested the name of Montpelier, the name of the capital of his native state Vermont. Charles R. Robison was the first Bishop of Montpelier, his appointment dating back to 1874; he was succeeded in 1883 by Samuel Matthews, who was succeeded in 1886 by William L. Rich, who was succeeded in 1893 by Wilford W. Clark, who presided until 1909, when Montpelier was divided into two wards, viz., the Montpelier 1st and the Montpelier 2nd wards. The dividing line between the two wards was Main St.,

or Washington Avenue, running east and west through the center of the town. Later the Montpelier 3rd and Montpelier 4th wards were organized. These four wards had on Dec. 31, 1930, a total membership of 1,691, including 322 children; the total population of the East and West Montpelier precincts was 5,125 in 1930; in Montpelier City alone, 2,436.

### Chief Washakie

*Because the William J. Kunz family had a reported encounter with Chief Washakie [1895], we include some information about him.*

Andrew Jenson, *Encyclopedic History of the Church...*, p.925

That part of the Malad Valley in which Washakie is now located was for many years, like the rest of the valley .... Most of the Indians who now reside at Washakie are descendants of a branch of that powerful tribe of Indians known as the Shoshones, whose chief was the great Washakie, known all over the western country as one of the most intelligent and able Indian chiefs. He is sometimes termed the "George Washington" of the Indians, and became acquainted with the Latter-day Saints soon after their first entry into the Rocky Mountain country. He was their friend from the beginning. These Shoshone Indians, under Washakie, roamed over the country extending from Bear Lake to Great Salt Lake and as far to the northwest as Raft River.

At the dedication of the "This Is The Place Monument, President George Albert Smith made the following comments:

The monument itself is finished this day, and with the blessing of our Heavenly Father, it will be dedicated.

We have several of our associates, citizens of this country, men who are faithful and have done great work in many ways, with us. I may say to you that among those that you do not see is the son of Washakie, the Indian Chieftain. Charles Washakie is over there by the monument with his wife and granddaughter. In other words we have two generations of the Washakie family here, and we are glad they are here, because they will find on the monument an heroic statue of Washakie, the great Indian who said to those who wanted to have him discourage the people from settling here, and to drive them out: "I have never encouraged my people to destroy the white men," and he refused to be a party to such proceedings. He was always a friend of the white man, and we welcome Charles Washakie and his wife and grand-daughter here this morning on equal terms with all the rest of those who are honored. George Albert Smith, *Sharing the Gospel With Others*, p.128-129

### Chief Washakie and his Shoshone braves.



Washakie was friendly to the white settlers in Bear Lake and other parts of Idaho and Wyoming and many of his people were baptized by LDS missionaries who preached among them. Amos Wright, bishop of Bennington, baptized Washakie himself.<sup>39</sup>



## Endnotes

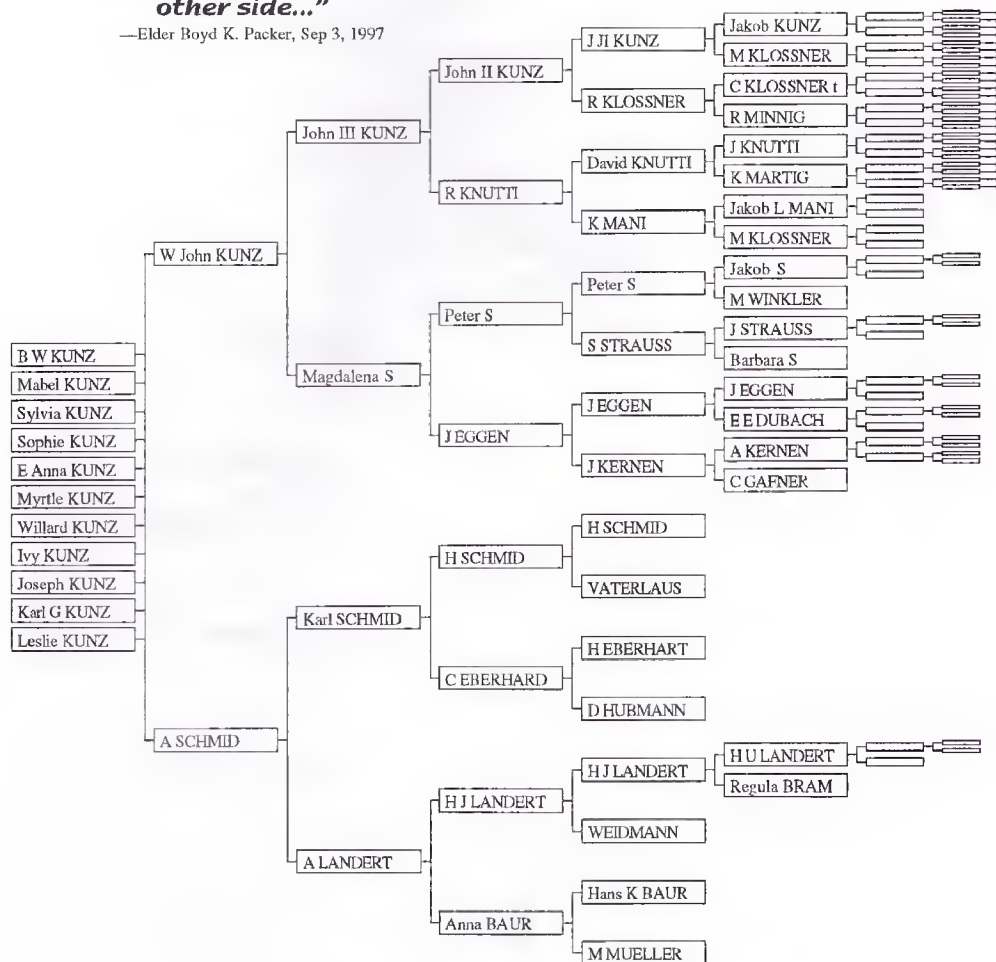
- <sup>1</sup> *Church News*, week ending July 5, 1997, p. 4
- <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 13
- <sup>3</sup> Russell M. Ballard, April 1997 Conference Address.
- <sup>4</sup> From unpublished play written by Janene Brady, 1997.
- <sup>5</sup> July 24, 1995: Aunt Ivy Jensen tells the event that caused the uprising: Two [white] men in Jackson [Wyoming] attacked and killed an Indian girl. There was a baby on her horse, the horse turned loose and returned to the camp. The child was also killed, I believe. The Indians, of course, were out-raged. An additional reference to this event is recorded in a newspaper article about Uncle Robert Schmid's journals which recounts the same incident. Details available if you want to know more.
- <sup>6</sup> Russell R. Rich, *Land of the Sky Blue Water*; also *Deseret News Church Almanac 1997-98*, Pioneer Sesquicentennial Edition, Salt Lake City: Deseret News Press, ©1996, page 212.
- <sup>7</sup> Jeffrey R. and Patricia T. Holland "Some Things We Have Learned—Together." *BYU Speeches of the Year 1984-85* ... A student once walked into the office of Harvard Dean LeBaron Russell Briggs and said he hadn't done his assignment because he hadn't felt well. Looking the student piercingly in the eye, Dean Briggs said, "Mr. Smith, I think in time you may perhaps find that most of the work in the world is done by people who aren't feeling very well" (quoted by Vaughn J. Featherstone, "Self-Denial," *New Era*, November 1977, p. 9)
- <sup>8</sup> Many of the preceeding and following details are from a notebok kept by Myrtle Kunz Steckler.
- <sup>9</sup> Sixth patriarch to the church. Served from 8 Oct 1942 to 6 Oct 1946; born 30 Jan 1899—died 29 Aug 1964) son of Hyrum Mack Smith and Ida E. Bowman.
- <sup>10</sup> Transcribed from a phonograph recording of the funeral of William J. Kunz.
- <sup>11</sup> *Joseph Smith's New England Heritage*, "John Smith's Family History" Chapter 7.
- <sup>12</sup> Much of that which follows was written by Myrtle Kunz Steckler
- <sup>13</sup> She was christened 19 May 1867 (Vol 3 of the parish registry, Berg am Irchel).
- <sup>14</sup> Family story related by Myrtle Kunz Steckler and recorded by Dianne S. Rasi-Koskinen
- <sup>15</sup> Alice Schmid, "Tribute to Anna S. Kunz, Mother's Day, 9 May 1943, on the occasion of her 76th birthday. Original document.
- <sup>16</sup> A quick calculation tells us that \$90 equals 3 1/2 years (52 weeks each) of a 50¢ per week wage. Later on Grandma was paid more than the original 50¢ a week; this still leaves not much for her to live on. In any case, it was a "great sacrifice" for her, as Alice Schmid's tribute reports.
- <sup>17</sup> Alice Schmid's Tribute to Grandma Annic
- <sup>18</sup> Record of Robert Schmid prior to 4 March 1947, and of Amy K. Kunz Family Record Book
- <sup>19</sup> "That young man is now" [at time Myrtle wrote this] "a patriarch, Crozier Kimball, living in Draper, Utah."
- <sup>20</sup> Myrtle's handwritten note
- <sup>21</sup> From "Life Sketch of Karl August Schmid," by Verona Hayes Schmid
- <sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>23</sup> Verbal account from Anna Schmid Vigos
- <sup>24</sup> Hawkins, Alan J. & Kathryn Pond Sargent, "Within the Walls of Our Own Homes: the Father's Involvement in Child Care, p. 129.
- <sup>25</sup> Maeser had been tutor in Europe before his conversion, and had been engaged as a private tutor to Brigham Young's family [1801-1877] prior to being mission president.
- <sup>26</sup> This is the way our family tradition tells the story; another source says simply that it was too steep and too far for the young child to walk, and that John III was present. I give you both accounts. I don't know which is correct.
- <sup>27</sup> Missionary Journal of John Kunz III states they left Niederstocken on July 2, 1873; passenger list of SS Nevada has them on a July 10th sailing, arriving in Utah on August 1, 1873. Grandpa William J. recalled arriving in Utah on the 4th of July. We are still checking out this discrepancy.
- <sup>28</sup> His own words in The L.D.S. Family Record Book of John Kunz III
- <sup>29</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>30</sup> A phrase attributed to Kierkegaard and quoted by John S. Tanner, in BYU devotional address, 3 March 1996: "One Step Enough"; "...We distort the trials of Abraham (or of anyone else) if we read them from the comfortable retrospective of history. Rather, as Kierkegaard reminds us, we must remember the fear and trembling. We must flee with Abram from Haran, not knowing whither we go, with eternity as our rock; we must wander with Abram in Canaan, living on increasingly incredible promises about possessing the land and a great posterity; ...We must, in short, become 'contemporaneous' with Abraham in his trials. Only then will we begin to understand why Abraham is the father to the faithful, the model for all those who, like him, die in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."
- <sup>31</sup> His own words in The L.D.S. Family Record Book of John Kunz III
- <sup>32</sup> Kunz, Foster M. *Highlights from the Histories of the Kunz and Schmid Families*. Compiled and written by Foster M. Kunz, with modifications by Phillip R. Kunz. Self-published 1980. Quote: In 1870 "Elder Karl G. Maeser had charge of the whole company comprising 245 souls; he put Elder Lewis M. Grant in charge of the Swiss Saints." In this party was John 2nd, his wife and 8 children. "In Farmington they were met by the First Presidency: Brigham Young, George A. Smith, and Daniel H. Wells. While the train was running, Brother Maeser had the honor to make the saints acquainted with the First Presidency, they shaking hands with every one in the car." (recollection of Robert Kunz, son of John 2nd)
- <sup>33</sup> Robert Kunz, quoted in Family History Records, compiled by Oliver, Kunz, et. al.
- <sup>34</sup> As told in Switzerland on Sunday, 28 Sep 1980, by Elder Douglas Larsen, former patriarch of San Leandro Stake, to Kunz Family Tour group members at a 3:00 pm Fireside.
- <sup>35</sup> Kunz, Foster M. op cit.
- <sup>36</sup> Sonne, Conway B. *Saints on the Seas*, A Maritime History of Mormon Migration 1830-1890. University of Utah Press/Salt Lake City/1983, p. 118.
- <sup>37</sup> Sonne, Conway B. *A Maritime History*, p. 152
- <sup>38</sup> Sonne, Conway B. *Saints on the Seas*, p. 127
- <sup>39</sup> Perhaps this was the mission wherein John II was baptized. See Foster M. Kunz record. "In 1868...Elder Karl G. Maeser who was then President of the Swiss-Italian-German Mission and Elder Willard Brigham Richards visited the Kunz families in the Dientigen area."
- <sup>40</sup> Rich, Dr. Russell R. *Land of the Sky Blue Water, A History fo the L.D.S. Settlement of the Bear Lake Valley*. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1963.



# Ancestors

**"...one by one we are  
all gathering on the  
other side..."**

—Elder Boyd K. Packer, Sep 3, 1997



Pedigree Overview  
William J. KUNZ Family

# PEDIGREE CHART

Thu, Oct 2, 1997

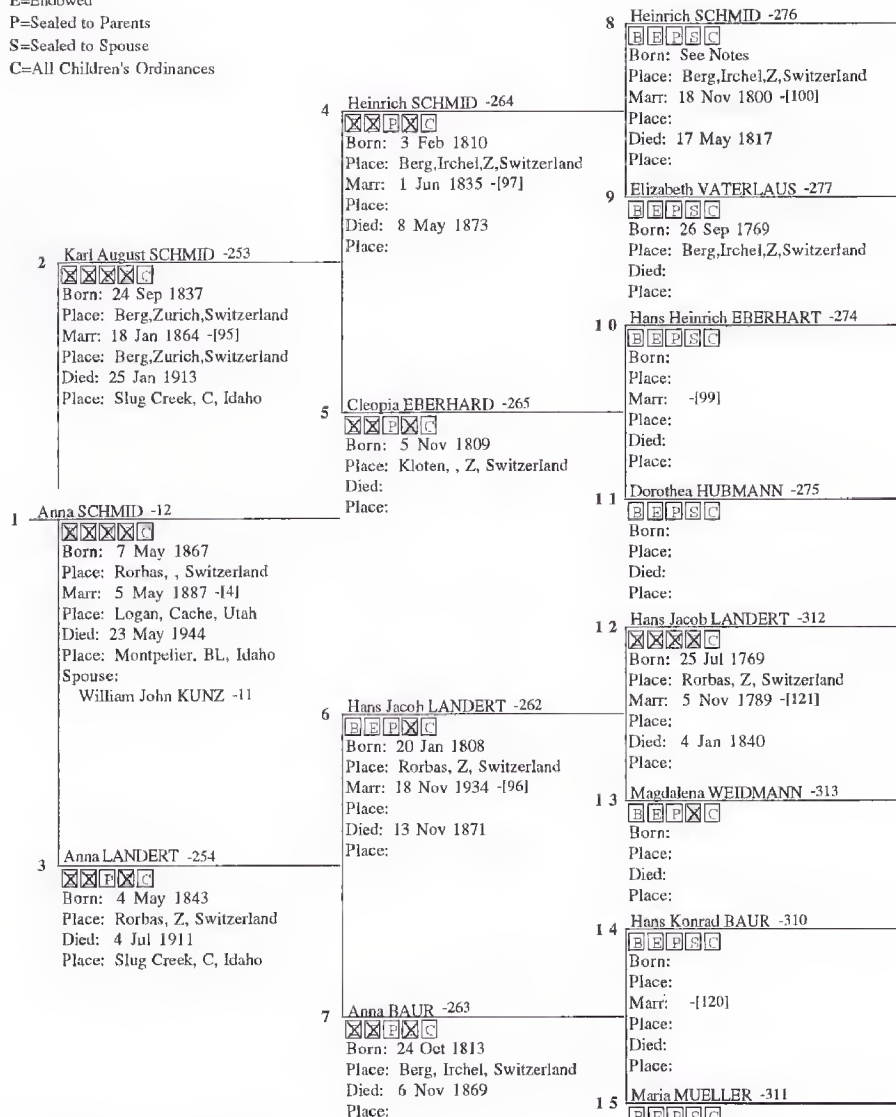
B=Baptized

E=Endowed

P=Sealed to Parents

S=Sealed to Spouse

C=All Children's Ordinances



NOTE: I do not have complete information available; you may have more up-to-date information concerning temple work, etc. Please use these pages for reference.  
 Dianne Rasi-Koskinen

# PEDIGREE CHART

Thu, Oct 2, 1997

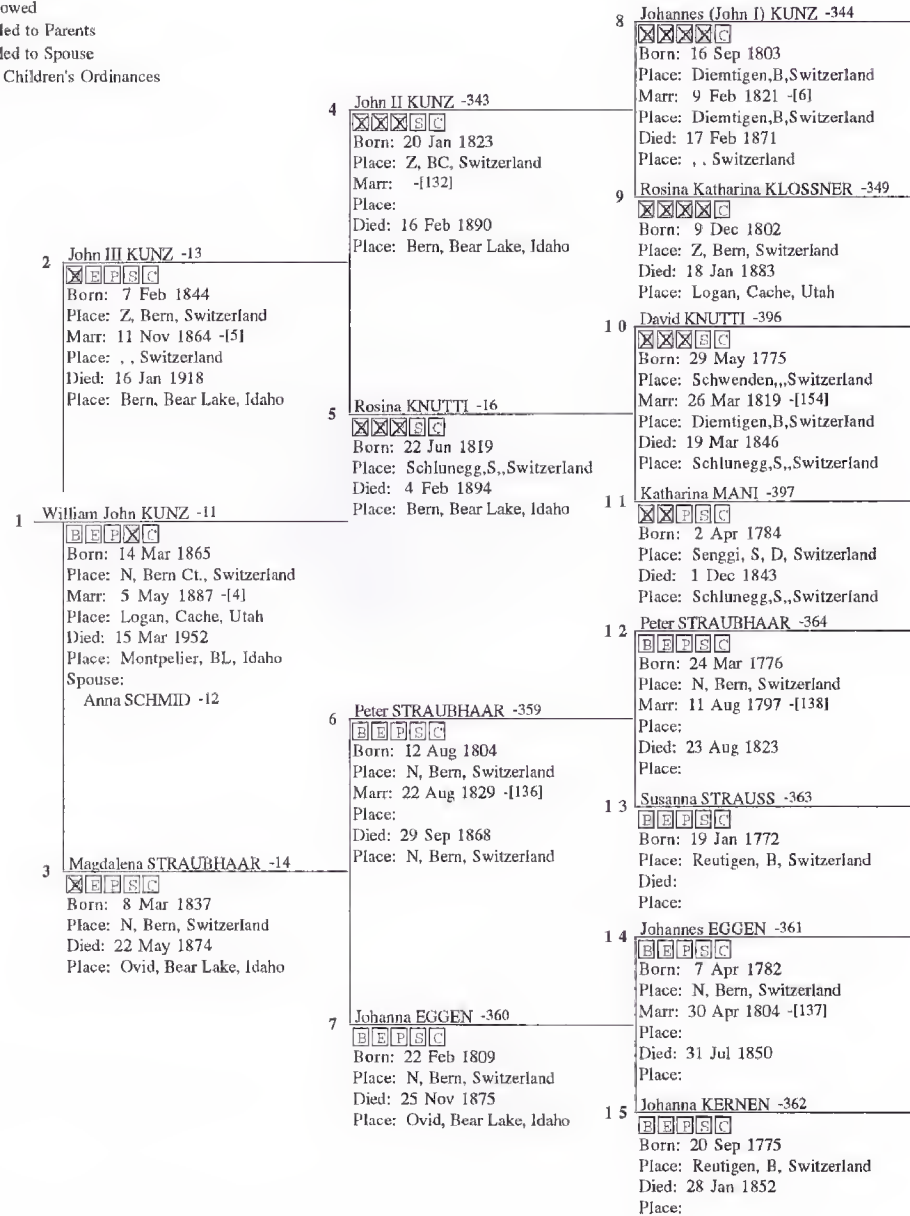
B=Baptized

E=Endowed

P=Sealed to Parents

S=Sealed to Spouse

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"On the tenth Day of October 1884 Myself and my oldest Son William went into the Mountains above Liberty into what is Called Emigration Canon where we where told by Bro. Walter Hoge, Marvin Allred and some others that my Brother David and myself where Called to go on a Mission to Switzerland to preach the Gospel. We where feeling the Weight of their News so much so that we only took what Logs we allready had choped and went home, I had my Buisshiss all in a very loose Condition, I was not prepared to go at all and soon found out I had but a few Days time, so with the help of God and my father and my Brothers and Sisters it was made possible for me to go and I shall never forget all the helping hands in those Days whom assisted me in Gathering Means to go, and so I say to Day God may reward them all for it and I know he will do it for I am employed here in his Service and he will never forget even a drink of Cold Water given to one of his Servants and Christ says whatsoever you do to these one of my humblest Servants the same have you done unto me.... I must remark here that my family each and every one of them took a very active part in helping me off and the Lord first of all blest them with his Spirit, so much that they all felt it was nessesary to go, and met the enavitable with courage and determination to Stand like good and faithful Latter Day Saints.



...On the 24 Day of **October 1884** in the Morning Six O'clock I took leave of my Dear Beloved ones at home, they accompanied me so far as my fathers house, and it seemed to me a trial which I was not able to bear but I faced it with Determination and I shall never forget my last look on to their beloved faces, it was most to hard but for the Sake of the Gospel of Jesus Christ I was willing to do it, and to face still more, but I also felt, that it was a trial for my family also. ...We again met my oldest Son William in Emigration Canon, where we said the last good bye, and where my eyes took the last farewell look, on the last of my family member which I had the Chance to see untill my return again with encouraging words I said the last good bye to him, and we traveled to Smithfield that Day...

**Sept. 17 [1885].** Postagasse 36. Bern. Weather beautiful clear and plesant Have had a Dream of being in a filthy Cell imprisoned even in Chains felt my hands and wrists where swollen was visited by my wife Sophia and my oldest Son William and at last I came out of the affair triumphantly, felt like I should do something to spread the Gospel. Concluded to write a letter to my Cousin Jacob Kunz Schoolteacher in Zauggernried in Order to introduce the Gospel to Him.

—Missionary Journals of John Kunz 999

*"I am the Son of respectable and God fearing Parents and they have taught me to serve the Lord our God from my early Childhood on, and my Mother learned me to pray to God, which I shall never in my Life forget. I was born in Zwischenflüh Dientigen Canton of Bern Switzerland and was learned to work with my hands to Sustain Life. I learned the Trade of a Cheesemaker..."*

### ✠ JOHN KUNZ III ✠

On October 10, 1884, John Kunz III and David Kunz, his brother, were called on a mission to Switzerland and Germany. Neither had any money, but both had faith in their Father in Heaven. They worked diligently for a few days and left for Salt Lake City. On October 29, 1884, they left Salt Lake City by rail for New York City with John in charge of a group of the Elders. They boarded the steamship "Wyoming" and sailed November 4, 1884, arriving in Liverpool, England where they met President John Henry Smith. From there they went to Bern, Switzerland. On December 21 and 22, 1884, a conference was held in Bern at which John was one of the speakers. A portion of the address given by John Kunz III during the closing session of the conference was recorded in the Church publication for the Germanic members, *Der Stern* (Vol. 17, No. 3, 1 February 1885)

We have met here together at this conference where God has poured out His spirit in rich abundance upon us. It is necessary that we assemble from time to time to receive new strength and encouragement in the gospel. If we consider the small number of Saints in comparison to the large majority of mankind, we come to the conclusion that this gathering is very necessary, in order that we might receive the strength to swim against the mainstream of the world. I testify in the name of Jesus that God has again raised prophets to whom He has given power and authority to bind on earth, which bindings shall also stand in heaven.

The world calls us fanatics, as though we were mere dreamers in our thoughts and in our faith. We desire to teach the world in order that they might see these things and learn of them. I would like to admonish you investigators to ask God for a testimony about His work, for it is impossible to receive a testimony of the truths but from Him. Everyone who has received such a witness should warn his neighbor. Let us not tire in this endeavor, and not weaken if we cannot emigrate as speedily as we would like to.



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